

THE
RELAPSE;
OR,
Virtue in Danger:
Being the Sequel of
THE FOOL IN FASHION.
A
COMEDY.

Written by Sir JOHN VANBRUGH,
Author of the *Provok'd Wife.*



DUBLIN:

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THE P R E F A C E.

TO go about to excuse half the Defects this abortive Brat is come into the World with, wou'd be to provoke the Town with a long useless Preface, when 'tis, I doubt, sufficiently four'd already, by a tedious Play.

I do therefore (with all the Humility of a repenting Sinner) confess, it wants everything—but length; and in that, I hope the severest Critick, will be pleas'd to acknowledge, I have not been wanting. But my Modesty will sure atone for everything, when the World shall know it is so great, I am even to this Day insensible of those two shining Graces in the Play (which some Part of the Town is pleas'd to complement me with) Blasphemy and Bawdy.

For my part, I cannot find 'em out. If there were any obscene Expressions upon the Stage, here they are in Print; for I have dealt fairly, I have not funk a Syllable, that cou'd (tho' by racking of Mysteries) be rang'd under that Head; and yet I believe, with a steady Faith, there is not one Woman of a real Reputation in Town, but when she has read it impartially over in her Closet, will find it so innocent, she'll think it no Affront to her Prayer-book to lay it upon the same Shelf. So to them (with all manner of Deference) I entirely refer my Cause; and I'm confident, they'll justfy me, against those Pretenders to good Manners, who at the same time, have so little Respect for the Ladies, they wou'd extract a bawdy Jest from an Ejaculation, to put 'em out of Countenance. But I expect to have these well-bred Persons always my Enemies, since I'm sure I shall never write anything lewd enough, to make 'em my Friends.

As for the Saints (your thorough-pac'd ones I mean with screw'd Faces and wry Mouths) I despair of them,

P R E F A C E.

for they are Friends to nobody. They love nothing, but their Altars and themselves. They have too much Zeal to have any Charity: They make Debauches in Piety, as Sinners do in Wine; and are as quarrelsom in their Religion, as other People are in their Drink; so I hope nobody will mind what they say. But if any Man (with flatplod Shoes, a little Band, greasy Hair, and a dirty Face, who is wiser than I, at the Expence of being forty Years older) happens to be offended at a Story of a Cock and a Bull, and a Priest and a Bull-dog, I beg his pardon with all my Heart, which, I hope, I shall obtain, by eating my Words, and making this publick Recantation, I do therefore for his Satisfaction, acknowledge I ly'd, when I said, They never quit their hold; for in that little time I have liv'd in the World, I thank God I have seen 'em forc'd to it, more than once; but next time I'll speak with more Caution and Truth; and only say, they have very good Teeth.

If I have offended any honest Gentleman of the Town, whose Friendship or good Word is worth the having, I am very sorry for it; I hope they'll correct me as gently as they can, when they consider I have had no other Design, in running a very great Risque, than to divert (if possible) some Part of their Spleen, in spight of their Wives and their Taxes.

One Word more about the Bawdy, and I have done. I own the first Night this Thing was acted, some Indelicacies had like to have happen'd, but 'twas not my Fault.

The fine Gentleman of the Play, drinking his Mistresses Health in Nants Brandy, from six in the Morning, to the time he waded on upon the Stage in the Even'ng, had toasted himself up to such a Pitch of Vigour, I confess I once gave *Amanda* for gone, and am since (with all due Respect to Mrs. Rogers) very sorry she scap't; for I am confident a certain Lady, (let no one take it to herself that's handsom) who highly blames the Play, for the Barreness of the Conclusion, wou'd then have allow'd it, a very natural Close.



FIRST

F I R S T

P R O L O G U E.

Spoken by Miss Cross.

LADIES, this Play in too much Haste was writ,
 To be o'er-charg'd with either Plot or Wit ;
 'Twas got, conceiv'd, and born in six Weeks Space,
 And Wit, you know's as slow in Growth — as Grace.
 Sure it can ne'er be ripen'd to your Taste ;
 I doubt'twill prove, our Author bred too fast.
 For mark'em well, who with the Muses marry,
 They rarely do conceive but they miscarry.
 'Tis the hard Fate of those wh' are big with Rhime,
 Still to be brought to Bed before their Time.
 Of our late Poets Nature few has made ;
 The greatest Part — are only so by Trade.
 Still Want of something brings the scribbling Fit ;
 For Want of Mony, some of 'em have writ,
 And others do't, you see — for Want of Wit.
 Honour, they fancy, summons 'em to write,
 So out they lug in wresly Nature's Spight,
 As some of you, spruce Beaux, do — when you fight.
 Yet let the Ebb of Wit be ne'er so low,
 Some Glimpse of it a Man may hope to shew,
 Upon a Theme, so ample — as a Beau.
 So, howsoe'er true Courage may decay,
 Perhaps there's not one Smock-Face here to-day,
 But's bold as CÆSAR — to attack a Play.
 Nay, what's yet more, with an undaunted Face,
 To do the Thing with more heroick Grace,
 'Tis six to four, y' attack the strongest Place.
 You are such Hotspurs in this Kind of Venture,
 Where there's no Breach, just there you needs must enter.
 But be advis'd —
 E'en give the Hero and the Critick o'er,
 For Nature sent you on another Score ;
 She form'd her Beau, for nothing but her Whore.



PROLOGUE

On the third Day.

Spoken by Mrs. VERBRUGGEN.

*A Pologies for Plays, Experience shews,
Are Things almost as useless — as the Beaux.
What e'er we say, (like them) we neither move,
Your Friendship, Pity, Anger, nor your Love;
'Tis Interest turns the Globe: Let us but find
The Way to please you, and you'll soon be kind:
But to expect you'd for our Sakes approve,
'Tis just as tho' you for their Sake shou'd love;
And that, we do confess, we think a Task.
Which (though they may impose) we never ought to ask.*

*This is an Age, where all Things we improve,
But most of all, the Art of making love.
In former Days, Women were only won
By Merit, Truth, and constant Service done;
But Lovers now are much more expert grown,
They seldom wait t' approach by tedious Form;
They're for Dispatch, for taking you by Storm:
Quick are their Sieges, furious are their Fires,
Fierce their Attacks, and boundless their Desires.
Before the Play's half ended, I'll engage
To shew you Beaux come crowding on the Stage,
Who with so little Pains have always sped,
They'll undertake to look a Lady dead.
How have I shook, and trembling stood with Aw,
When here, behind the Scenes, I've seen'em draw
— A Comb; that dead-doing Weapon to the Heart,
And turn each powder'd Hair into a Dart.
When I have seen'em sally on the Stage,
Dress'd to the War, and ready to engage,*

The PROLOGUE.

I've mourn'd your Destiny — yet more their Fate,
To think, that after Victories so great,
It shou'd so often prove their hard Mis-hap
To sneak into a Lane and get a Clap.
But hush; they're here already, I'll retire,
And leave 'em to the Ladies to admire.
They'll shew you twenty thousand Arts and Graces,
They'll entertain you with their soft Grimaces,
Their Snuff-box, awkward Bows — and ugly Faces.
In short they're after all so much your Friends,
That left the Play should fail, the Author ends,
They have resolv'd to make you some Amends,
Between each Act (perform'd by nicest Rules)
They'll treat you — with an Interlude of Fools.
of which that you may have the deeper Sense,
The Entertainment's — at their own Expence.



Dramatis Personæ.



M E N.

Sir NOVELTY FASHION, newly created	Mr. Griffith.
Lord Foppington.	
Young FASHION, his Brother.	Mr. Giffard.
LOVELESS, Husband to <i>Amanda</i> .	Mr. Elrington.
WORTHY, a Gentleman of the Town.	Mr. R. Elrington.
Sir TUNBELLY CLUMSEY, a Country	Mr. Vanderbank.
Gentleman.	
Sir JOHN FRIENDLY, his Neighbour.	Mr. Davis.
COUPLER, a Match-maker.	Mr. Moore.
BULL, Chaplain to Sir Tunbelly.	Mr. Dash.
SERRINGE, a Surgeon.	Mr. F. Elrington.
LORY, Servant to young <i>Fashion</i> .	Mr. Rascoe.
Waterman.	Mr. Alcorne.

W O M E N.

AMANDA, Wife to <i>Loveless</i> .	Mrs. Knapp.
BERINTHIA, her Cousin, a young Widow.	Mrs. Sterling.
Miss HOYDEN, a great Fortune, Daughter to Sir Tunbelly.	Mrs. Moreau.
Nurse, her Governant.	

Shoe-maker, Taylor, Periwig-maker, &c.

T H E

new
soft



THE
RELAPSE;
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A C T I.

Enter LOVELESS reading.



How true is that Philosophy which says our Heaven is seated in our Minds! Through all the roving Pleasures of my Youth, (where Nights and Days seem all consum'd in Joy, where the false Face of Luxury display'd such Charms, as might have shaken the most holy Hermit, and made him totter at his Altar;) I never knew one Moment's Peace like this. Here—— in this little soft Retreat, my Thought unbent from all the Cares of Life,

The Relapse: Or,

Life, content with Fortune, eas'd from the grating Duties of Dependance, from Envy free, Ambition under Foot, the raging Flame of wild destructive Lust reduc'd to a warm pleasing Fire of lawful Love, my Life glides on, and all is well within.

Enter AMANDA.

Lov. meeting her kindly.] How does the happy Cause of my Content, my dear *Amanda*? You find me musing on my happy State, and full of grateful Thoughts to Heaven and you.

Am. Those grateful Offerings Heaven can't receive with more Delight than I do: Wou'd I cou'd share with it as well the Dispensations of its Bliss, that I might search its choicest Favours out, and shower 'em on your Head for ever.

Lov. The largest Boons that Heaven thinks fit to grant, to Things it has decreed shall crawl on Earth, are in the Gift of Woman form'd like you. Perhaps, when Time shall be no more; when the aspiring Soul shall take its Flight, and drop this pondrous Lump of Clay behind it, it may have Appetites we know not of, and Pleasures as refin'd as its Desires— But till that Day of Knowledge shall instruct me, the utmost Blessing that my Thought can reach, [*Taking her in his Arms.*] is folded in my Arms, and rooted in my Heart.

Am. There let it grow for ever.

Lov. Well said, *Amanda*— let it be for ever— Wou'd Heaven grant that—

Am. 'Twere all the Heaven I'd ask. But we are clad in black Mortality, and the dark Curtain of eternal Night, at last must drop between us.

Lov. It must: That mournful Separation we must see. A bitter Pill it is to all; but doubles its ungrateful Taste, when Lovers are to swallow it.

Am. Perhaps, that Pain may only be my Lot; you possibly may be exempted from it; Men find out softer Ways to quench their Fires.

Lov. Can you then doubt my Constancy, *Amanda*? You'll find 'tis built upon a steady Basis— The Rock of Reason now supports my Belief, which it stands so fix'd,



the rudeſt Hurricane of wild Desire would like the Breath of a soft ſlumbering Babe, paſs by, and never ſhake it.

Am. Yet ſtill 'tis ſafer to avoid the Storm ; the strongest Veffels, if they put to Sea, may poſſibly be loſt. Wou'd I cou'd keep you here in this calm Port for ever ! Forgive the Weakneſs of a Woman ; I am uneaſy at your going to ſtay ſo long in Town. I know it's poſte inſinuating Pleaſures ; I know the Force of it's Deluſions ; I know the Strength of its Attacks ; I know the weak Defence of Nature ; I know you are a Man— and I— a Wife.

Love. You know then all that needs to give you Reſt, for Wife's the strongest Claim that you can urge : When you would plead your Title to my Heart, on this you may depend ; therefore be calm, banish you Fears, for they are Traytors to your Peace ; beware of 'em, they are inſinuating buſy Things that goſſip to and fro, and do a World of Miſchief where they come : But you ſhall ſoon be Miſtress of 'em all, I'll aid you with ſuch Arms for their Destructiōn, they never ſhall erect their Heads again. You know the Buſineſs is indiſpenſible, that obliges me to go for *London* ; and you have no Reaſon, that I know of, to believe that I'm glad of the Occaſion ; for my honest Conſcience is my Wiſeſſ, I have found a due Succeſſion of ſuch Charms in my Retirement here with you ; I have never thrown one roving Thought that Way ; but ſince, againſt my Will, I'm drag'd once more to that uneaſy Theatre of Noiſe ; I am reſolv'd to make ſuſh uſe on't, as ſhall con‐vince you 'tis an old-caſt Miſtress who has been fo lavish of her Favours, ſhe's now grown Bankrupt of her Charms, and has not one Allurement left to move me.

Am. Her Bow, I do believe, is grown ſo weak, her Arrows (at this Diſtance) cannot hurt you. But in approaching 'em, you give 'em Strength ; the Dart that has not far to fly, will put the beſt of Armour to a dangerous Trial.

Love. That Trial paſt, and y'are at Eafe for ever ; when you have ſeen the Helmet prov'd, you'll apprehend no more, for him that wears it. Therefore to put a laſting periōd to your Fears, I am reſolv'd, this once, to launch into Temptation ; I'll give you an Eſſay of all my Virtues, my former

The Relapse : Or,

former boon Companions of the Bottle shall fairly try what Charms are left in Wine : I'll take my Place amongst 'em, they shall hem me in, sing Praises to their God, and drink his Glory : Turn wild Enthusiasts for his Sake, and Beasts to do him Honour, whilst I a stubborn Atheist, fullenly look on, without one reverend Glas to his Divinity : That for my Temperance, then for my Constaney—

Am. Ay, there take heed.

Love. Indeed the Danger's small.

Am. And yet my Fears are great.

Love. Why are you so timerous ?

Am. Because you are so bold.

Love. My Courage shou'd disperse your Apprehensions.

Am. My Apprehensions shou'd alarm your Courage.

Love. Fy, fy, *Amanda*, it is not kind thus to distrust me.

Am. And yet my Fears are founded on my Love.

Love. Your Love then is not founded as it ought : For if you can believe 'tis possible, I shou'd again relapse to my past Follies, I must appear to you a Thing, of such an undigested Composition, that but to think of me with Inclination, wou'd be a Weakness in your Taste, your Virtue scarce cou'd answer.

Am. Twou'd be a Weakness in my Tongue, my Prudence cou'd not answer, if I shou'd press you farther with my Fears ; I'll therefore trouble you no longer with 'em.

Love. Nor shall they trouble you much longer ; a little Time shall shew you they were groundleſs : This Winte shall be the fiery Trial of my Virtue ; which, when it once has past, you'll be convinc'd, 'twas of no false Allay, then all your Cares will end.—

Am. —Pray Heaven they may.

[*Exeunt Hand in Hand.*]

S C E N E, *Whitehall.*

Enter young FASHION, LORY and Waterman.

Y.F. Come, pay the Waterman, and take the Portmantle.

Lor. Faith, Sir, I think the Waterman had as good talk the Portmantle, and pay himself.

Y.

Y.F. Why sure there's something left in't!

Lor. But a solitary old Waſtcoat, upon my Honour, Sir.

Y.F. Why, what's become of the blue Coat, Sirrah?

Lor. Sir, 'twas eaten at *Gravesend*; the Reckoning came to thirty Shillings, and your privy Purſe was worth but two Half-Crowns.

Y.F. 'Tis very well.

Wat. Pray, Master, will you please to dispatch me?

Y.F. Ay, here a— Canſt thou change me a Guinea.

Lor. [Aside.] — Good.

Wat. Change a Guinea, Master! Ha, ha, your Honour's pleas'd to compliment.

Y.F. I'gad, I don't know how I ſhall pay thee then, for I have nothing but Gold about me.

Lor. [Aside.] — Hum, hum.

Y.F. What doſt thou expect, Friend?

Wat. Why, Master, ſo far againſt Wind and Tide, is richly worth half a Piece.

Y.F. Why, Faith, I think thou art a good conſcio-nable Fellow. I'gad, I begin to have ſo good an Opinion of thy Honesty, I care not if I leave my Portmantle with thee, 'till I ſend thee thy Mony.

Wat. Ha! God bleſs your Honour: I ſhould be as willing to trust you, Master, but that you are, as a Man may ſay, a Stranger to me, and these are nimble Times; there are a great many Sharpers stirring. [Taking up the Portmantle.] Well, Master, when your Worſhip ſends the Mony, your Portmantle ſhall be forth-coming; my Name's Tugg; my Wife keeps a Brandy-Shop in *Drab-Alley* at Wapping.

Y.F. Very well; I'll ſend for't to-morrow.

[Exit Wat.

Lor. So— Now, Sir, I hope you'll own yourſelf a happy Man, you have out-liv'd all your Cares.

Y.F. How fo, Sir.

Lor. Why you have nothing left to take care of.

Y.F. Yes, Sirrah, I have myſelf and you to take care of ſtill.

Lor. Sir, if you cou'd but prevail with ſomebody else to hat for you, I fancy we might both fare the better for't.

Y.F.

Y. F. Why, if thou canst tell me where to apply myself, I have at present so little Money, and so much Humility, about me, I don't know but I may follow a Fool's Advice.

Lor. Why then, Sir, your Fool advises you to lay aside all Animosity, and apply to Sir Novelty, your elder Brother.

Y. F. Damn my elder Brother.

Lor. With all my Heart; but get him to redeem your Annuity however.

Y. F. My Annuity! S'death, he's such a Dog, he would not give his Powder Puff to redeem my Soul.

Lor. Look you, Sir, you must wheedle him, or you must starve.

Y. F. Look you, Sir, I will neither wheedle him nor starve.

Lor. Why? What will you do then?

Y. F. I'll go into the Army.

Lor. You can't take the Oaths; you are a *Jacobite*.

Y. F. Thou may'st as well say, I can't take Orders because I'm an Atheist.

Lor. Sir, I ask your Pardon; I find I did not know the Strength of your Conscience, so well as I did the Weakness of your Purse.

Y. F. Methinks, Sir, a Person of your Experience shou'd have known, that the Strength of the Conscience proceeds from the Weakness of the Purse.

Lor. Sir, I am very glad to find you have a Conscience able to take care of us, let it proceed from what it will but I desire you'll please to consider, that the Army alone will be but a scanty Maintenance for a Person of your Generosity, (at least, as Rents now are paid) I shall see you stand in damnable Need of some auxiliary Guineas, for your *Menu Plaisirs*; I will therefore turn Fool once more for your Service, and advise you to go directly to your Brother.

Y. F. Art thou then so impregnable a Blockhead, to believe he'll help me with a Farthing?

Lor. Not if you treat him, *De haut en bas*, as you used to do.

Y. F. Why how wou'dst have me treat him?

Lor. Like a Trout, tickle him.

Y. F. I can't flatter—

Lor. Can you starve?

Y. F. Yes—

Lor. I can't; Good by t'ye, Sir—

[Going.]

Y. F. Stay, thou wilt distract me. What wou'dst thou have me say to him?

Lor. Say nothing to him, apply yourself to his Favourites, speak to his Periwig, his Cravat, his Snuff-Box; and when you are well with them—desire him to lend you a thousand Pounds. I'll engage you prosper.

Y. F. Death and Furies ! Why was that Coxcomb thrust into the World before me? O Fortune—Fortune—Thou art a Bitch, by Gad—

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E, *A Dressing-Room.*

Enter Lord FOPPINGTON in his Night-Gown.

L. Fop. Page—

Enter Page.

Page. Sir.

L. Fop. Sir; pray, Sir, do me the Favour to teach your Tongue the Title the King has thought fit to honour me with.

Page. I ask your Lordship's Pardon, my Lord.

L. Fop. O, you can pronounce the Word then. I thought it would have choak'd you—D'y'e hear?

Page. My Lord.

L. Fop. Call *La Varole*, I wou'd dres— [Exit Page.]

Solus.

Well, 'tis unspeakable Pleasure to be a Man of Quality—
Strike me dumb—My Lord—Your Lordship—My
Lord Foppington—Ah ! c'est quelque chose de beau, que
le Diable m'emporte—Why the Ladies were ready to
peuk at me, whilst I had nothing but Sir Navelty to re-
commend me to 'em—Sure whilst I was but a Knight, I
was a very nauseous Fellow—Well, 'tis ten thousand
and well given—stap my Vitals—

Enter

Enter LA VAROLE.

Me Lord, de Shoemaker, de Taylor, de Hosier, de Semstref
de Barber, be all ready; if your Lordship please to dire.

L. Fop. 'Tis well, admit 'em.

L. Va. Hey, Mesieurs, entrez.

Enter Taylor, &c.

L. Fop. So, Gentlemen, I hope you have all taken pain
to shew yourselves Masters in your Professions.

Tay. I think I may presume to say, Sir—

L. Va. My Lord— You Clown you.

Tay. Why, is he made a Lord— My Lord, I ask yo'
Lordship's Pardon, my Lord; I hope, my Lord, yo'
Lordship will please to own, I have brought your Lord-
ship as accomplish'd a Suit of Cloaths, as ever Peer
England trod the Stage in, my Lord; will your Lordship
please to try 'em now?

L. Fop. Ay, but let my People dispose the Glasses so, th
I may see myself before and behind, for I love to see my
all round— [Whilst he puts on his Cloaths, em]

Young Fashion and Lory.

Y. F. Hey-day, what the Devil have we here? Su
my Gentleman's grown a Favourite at Court, he has g
so many People at his Levee.

Lo. Sir, these People come in order to make him a Favourite at Court, they are to establish him with the Ladies.

Y. F. Good God, to what an Ebb of Taste are Women fallen, that it shou'd be in the Power of a lac'd Coat to recommend a Gallant to 'em—

Lo. Sir, Taylors and Periwig-makers are now become the Bawds of the Nation, 'tis they debauch all the Women.

Y. F. Thou sayest true; for there' that Fop now, not by Nature wherewithal to move a Cook-maid; but by that time these Fellows have done with him, I'gad shall melt down a Countess— But now for my Reception, I'll engage it shall be as cold a one, as a Courtier's his Friend, who comes to put him in mind of his Promise.

L. Fop. [To his Taylor.] Death and eternal Tartur Sir, I say the Packet's too high by a Foot.

Tay. My Lord, if it had been an inch lower, it wou'd not have held your Lordship's Pocket-handkerchief.

L.

L. Fop. Rat my Pocket-handkerchief; have not I a Page to carry it? You may make him a Packet up to his Chin a purpose for it; but I will not have mine come so near my Face.

Tay. 'Tis not for me to dispute your Lordship's Fancy.

Y.F. [To Lor.] His Lordship! Lory, did you observe that?

Lor. Yes, Sir; I always thought 'twou'd end there. Now, I hope, you'll have a little more Respect for him.

Y.F. Respect! Damn him for a Coxcomb, now has he ruin'd his Estate to buy a Title, that he may be a Fool of the first Rate: But let's accost him— [To L. Fop.] Brother, I'm your humble Servant.

L. Fop. O Lard, Tam; I did not expect you in England: Brother, I am glad to see you— [Turning to his Taylor. Look you, Sir; I shall never be reconciled to this nauifous Packet; therefore pray get me another Suit, with all Manner of Expedition, for this is my eternal Aversion! Mrs. Collicoe, are not you of my mind?

Sem. O, directly my Lord, it can never be too low—

L. Fop. You are positively in the right on't, for the Packet becomes no Part of the Body but the Knee.

Sem. I hope your Lordship is pleas'd with your Steenkirk.

L. Fop. In Love with it, stap my Vitals. Bring your Bill, you shall be paid to-marrow—

Sem. I humbly thank your Honour— [Exit Sem.

L. Fop. Hark thee Shoe-maker, these Shoes an't ugly, but they don't fit me.

Shoe. My Lord, methinks they fit you very well.

L. Fop. They hurt me just below the Instep.

Shoe. [Feeling his Foot.] My Lord, they don't hurt you there.

L. Fop. I tell thee, they pinch me execrably.

Shoe. My Lord, if they pinch you, I'll be bound to be hang'd that's all.

L. Fop. Why, wilt thou undertake to perswade me I cannot feel.

Shoe. Your Lordship may please to feel what you think

fit; but that Shoe does not hurt you—I think I understand my Trade.

L. Fop. Now by all that's great and powerful, thou art an incomprehensible Coxcomb; but thou makest good Shoes, and so I'll bear with thee.

Shoe. My Lord, I have work'd for half the People of Quality in Town these twenty Years; and 'twere very hard I should not know when a Shoe hurts, and when it don't.

L. Fop. Well, prithee be gone about thy Busines.

[Exit Shoe.]

To the Hosier.) Mr. Mend-legs, a Word with you; the Calves of these Stockings are thicken'd a little too much; they make my Legs look like a Chairman's—

Mend. My Lord, methinks they look mighty well.

L. Fop. Ay, but you are not so good a Judge of those Things as I am, I have study'd 'em all my Life; therefore pray let the next be the Thickness of a Crown-piece less—

(Aside.) If the Town takes notice my Legs are fallen away, 'twill be attributed to the Violence of some new Intrigue.

To the Periwig-maker.] Come, Mr. Foretop, let me see what you have done, and then the Fatigue of the Morning will be over.

Foretop. My Lord, I have done what I defy any Prince in Europe to outdo; I have made you a Periwig so long and so full of Hair, it may serve you for a Hat and Cloak in all Weathers.

L. Fop. Then thou hast made me thy Friend to Eternity; Come, comb it out.

Y. F. Well, Lory, what do'ſt think on't? A very friendly Reception from a Brother after three Years Absence.

Lo. Why, Sir, 'tis your own Fault; we seldom care for those that don't love what we love; if you wou'd creep into his Heart, you must enter into his Pleasures. Here you have stood ever since you came in, and have not commended any one thing that belongs to him.

Y. F. Nor never shall, while they belong to a Coxcomb.

Lo. Then, Sir, you must be content to pick a hungry Bone.

Y. F.

Y.F. No, Sir, I'll crack it, and get to the Marrow before I have done.

L.Fop. Gad's Curse! Mr. Foretop, you dont intend to put this upon me for a full Periwig?

Fore. Not a full one, my Lord? I don't know what your Lordship may please to call a full one, but I have cram'd so Ounces of Hair into it.

L.Fop. What it may be by Weight, Sir, I shall not dispute; but by Tale, there are not 9 Hairs on a side.

Fore. O Lord! O Lord! O Lord! Why as Gad shall judge me, your Honour's Side-Face is reduc'd to the Tip of your Nose.

L.Fop. My Side-Face may be in an Eclipse for eught I know; but I'm sure, my Full-Face is like the Full-Moon.

Fore. Heaven bles's my Eye-sight!--(Rubbing his Eyes.) Sure I look through the wrong End of the Perspective; for by my Faith, an't please your Honour, the broadest Place I see in your Face, does not seem to me to be two Inches Diameter.

L.Fop. If it did, it would just be two Inches too broad; far a Periwig to a Man, shou'd be like a Mask to a Woman, nothing shou'd be seen but his Eyes—

Fore. My Lord, I have done; if you please to have more Hair in your Wig, I'll put it in.

L.Fop. Passitively, yes,

Fore. Shall I take it back now, my Lord?

L.Fop. No! I'll wear it to-day, though it shew such a monstrous Pair of Cheeks; stap my Vitals, I shall be taken for a Trumpeter.

[Exit Fore.

Y.F. Now your People of Busines are gone Brother, hope I may obtain a Quarter of an Hour's Audience of you.

L.Fop. Faith Tam, I must beg you'll excuse me at this time, for I must away to the Houfe of Lards immediately; my Lady Teaser's Cafe is to come on to-day, and I would not be absent for the Salvation of Mankind. Hey Page, is the Coach at the Door?

Page. Yes, my Lord.

L.Fop. You'll excuse me, Brother.

[Going.

Y.F. Shall you be back at Dinner?

L.Fop. As Gad shall judge me, I can't tell; for 'tis possible I may dine with some of our House at Lacker's

Y. F. Shall I meet you there? for I must needs talk with you.

L. Fop. That I'm afraid maynt be so proper; far the Lards I commonly eat with, are a People of a nice Conversation; and you know, *Tam*, your Education has been a little at large; but if you'll stay here, you'll find a Family Dinner. Hey Fellow! What is there for Dinner? There Beef: I suppose my Brother will eat Beef. Dear *Tam* I'm glad to see thee in *England*, stap my Vitals.

[Exit with his Equipage.]

Y. F. Hell and Furies! Is this to be born?

Lo. Faith, Sir, I cou'd almost have given him a knock o' th' Pate myself.

Y. F. 'Tis enough; I will now shew thee the Excess of my Passion by being very calm: Come, *Lory*, lay your Loggerhead to mine, and in cool Blood let us contrive his Destruction.

Lo. Here comes a Head, Sir, would contrive it better than us both, if he would but join in the Confederacy.

Enter COUPLER.

Y. F. By this Light, old *Coupler* alive still! Why, how now, Matchmaker, art thou here still to plague the World with Matrimony? You old Bawd, how have you the Impudence to be hobling out of your Grave 20 Years after you are rotten.

Coup. When you begin to rot, Sirrah, you'll go off like a Pippin, one Winter will send you to the Devil. What Mischief brings you home again? Ha! You young lascivious Rogue you; Let me put my Hand into your Bosom, Sirrah?

Y. F. Stand off, old *Sodom*.

Coup. Nay, prithee now don't be so coy.

Y. F. Keep your Hands to yourself, you old Dog you, or I'll wring your Nose off.

Coup. Haft thou then been a Year in *Italy*, and brought home a Fool at last? By my Conscience, the young Fellows of this Age profit no more by their going abroad, than they do by their going to Church. Sirrah, Sirrah, if you are not hang'd before you come to my Years, you'll know a Cock from a Hen. But come, I'm still a Friend to thy

Person,

Person, though I have a Contempt of thy Understanding; and therefore I wou'd willingly know thy Condition, that I may see whether thou standest in need of my Assistance; for Widows swarm, my Boy, the Town's infected with 'em.

Y. F. I stand in need of anybody's Assistance, that will help me to cut my elder Brother's Throat, without the Risque of being hang'd for him.

Coup. I gad, Sirrah, I cou'd help thee to do him almost as good a Turn, without the Danger of being burnt in the Hand for't.

Y. F. Say'st thou so old *Satan*? Shew me but that, and my Soul is thine.

Coup. Pox o'thy Soul, give me thy warm Body, Sirrah; I shall have a substantial Title to't when I tell thee my Project.

Y. F. Out with it then dear Dad, and take Possession as soon as thou wilt.

Coup. Say'st thou so my Hephestion? why then thus lies the Scene—but hold; who's that? if we are heard we are undone.

Y. F. What, have you forgot *Lory*.

Coup. Who, trusty *Lory*, is it thee?

Lo. At your Service, Sir.

Coup. Give me thy Hand, old Boy; I'gad I did not know thee again; but I remember thy Honesty, though I did not thy Face; I think thou hadst like to have been hang'd once or twice for thy Master.

Lo. Sir, I was very near once having that Honour.

Coup. Well, live and hope; don't be discourag'd; eat with him, and drink with him, and do what he bids thee, and it may be thy Reward at last, as well as another's.

To. Y. F.] Well, Sir, you must know I have done you the Kindness to make up a Match for your Brother.

Y. F. Sir I am very much beholden to you, truly.

Coup. You may be, Sirrah, before the Wedding-day cometh; the Lady is a great Heiress; Fifteen hundred Pound a Year, and a great Bag of Mony; the Match is concluded, the Writings are drawn, and the Pipkin's to be crack'd in a fortnight—Now you must know, Stripling, (with respect

respect to your Mother) your Brother's the Son of a Whore.

Y. F. Good.

Coup. He has given me a Bond of a thousand Pounds for helping him to this Fortune, and has promis'd me as much more in ready Mony upon the Day of Marriage, which I understand by a Friend, he ne'er designs to pay me : If therefore you will be a generous young Dog, and secure me five thousand Pounds, I'll be a covetous old Rogue, and help you to the Lady.

Y. F. I'gad, if thou canst bring this about, I'll have thy Statue cast in Brass. But don't you doat, you old Pander, you, when you talk at this rate?

Coup. That your youthful Parts shall judge of : This plump Partridge that I tell you of, lives in the Country, fifty Miles off, with her honoured Parents, in a lonely old House, which nobody comes near ; she never goes abroad, nor sees Company at home : To prevent all Misfortunes, she has her Breeding within Doors, the Parson of the Parish teaches her to play on the Base-Viol, the Clerk to sing, her Nurse to dress, and her Father to dance : In short, nobody can give you Admittance there but I ; nor can I do it any other Way, than by making you pass for your Brother.

Y. F. And how the Devil wilt thou do that ?

Coup. Without the Devil's Aid, I warrant thee. Thy Brother's Face not one of the Family ever saw, the whole Business has been manag'd by me, and all the Letters go through my Hands. The last that was writ to Sir Tunbelle Clumsey (for that's the old Gentleman's Name) was to tell him, his Lordship wou'd be down in a Fortnight to consummate : Now you shall go away immediately, pretend you writ that Letter only to have the romantick Pleasure of surprising your Mistress ; fall desperately in Love, as soon as you see her ; make that your Plea for marrying her immediately, and when the Fatigue of the Wedding-Night's over, you shall send me a swinging Purse of Gold, you Dog you.

Y. F. I'gad, old Dad, I'll put my Hand in thy Bosom now—

Coup. Ah, you young hot lusty Thief, let me muzzle you— [Kissing.] Sirrah, let me muzzle you.

Y. F.

Y. F. Psha, the old Letcher—

[*Aside.*]

Coup. Well; I'll warrant thou hast not a Farthing of Money in thy Pocket now; no, one may see it in thy Face—

Y. F. Not a Souse, by Jupiter.

Coup. Must I advance then— Well, Sirrah, be at my Lodgings in half an Hour, and I'll see what may be done; we'll sign and seal, and eat a Pullet; and when I have given thee some farther Instructions, thou sha't hoist sail and be gone— [Kissing.] T'other Buss, and so adieu.

Y. F. Um, psha.

Coup. Ah, you young warm Dog, you, what a delicious Night will the Bride have on't. [Exit Coupler.]

Y. F. So, Lory; Providence, thou seest, at last, takes care of Men of Merit; we are in a fair Way to be great People.

Lor. Ay, Sir, if the Devil don't step between the Cup and the Lip, as he uses to do,

Y. F. Why, Faith, he has play'd me many a damn'd Trick to spoil my Fortune, and I'gad, I'm almost afraid he's at work about it again now; but if I should tell thee how, thou'dst wonder at me.

Lor. Indeed, Sir, I shou'd not.

Y. F. How dost know?

Lor. Because, Sir, I have wondred at you so often, I can wonder at you no more.

Y. F. No; what wou'dst thou say, if a Qualm of Conscience shou'd spoil my Design?

Lor. I wou'd eat my Words, and wonder more than ever.

Y. F. Why, Faith, Lor, tho' I am a young Rake-hell, and have play'd many a roguish Trick; this is so full grown a Cheat, I find I must take pains to come up to't, I have Scuples—

Lor. They are strong Symptoms of Death; if you find they encrease, pray, Sir, make your Will.

Y. F. No, my Conscience shan't starve me neither. But thus far I'll hearken to it, before I execute this Project: I'll try my Brother to the bottom; I'll speak to him with the Temper of a Philosopher; my Reasons (though they press him home) shall yet be cloath'd with so much Modesty, not one of all the Truths they urge, shall be so naked

to offend his Sight. If he has yet so much Humanity about him, as to assist me, (tho' with a moderate Aid) I'll drop my Project at his Feet, and shew him how I can— do for him; much more than what I ask he'd do for me. This one conclusive Trial of him I resolve to make—

*Succeed or no, still Victory's my Lot ;
If I subdue his Heart, 'tis well; if not,
I shall subdue my Conscience to my Plot.*

[Exeunt]



A C T II.

Enter LOVELESS and AMANDA.

Love. How do you like these Lodgings, my Dear, for my part I am so well pleased with 'em, I shall hardly remove whilst we stay in Town, if you are satisfy'd.

Am. I am satisfy'd with everything that pleases you else I had not come to Town at all.

Love. O, a little of the Noise and Bustle of the World sweetens the Pleasures of Retreat : We shall find the Charms of our Retirement doubled, when we return to

Am. That pleasing Prospect will be my chiefest Entertainment, whilst (much against my Will) I am obliged to stand surrounded with these empty Pleasures, which 'tis much the Fashion to be fond of.

Love. I own most of them are indeed but empty ; nay so empty, that one wou'd wonder by what magick Power they act, when they induce us to be vicious for their Sakes.

Yet some there are we may speak kindlier of : There are Delights (of which a private Life is destitute) which may divert an honest Man, and be a harmless Entertainment to a virtuous Woman. The Conversation of the Town is one ; and truly (with some small Allowances) the Plays, think, may be esteem'd another.

Am. The Plays, I must confess, have some small Charm

and wou'd have more, wou'd they restrain that loose oblique Encouragement to Vice, which shocks, if not the Virtue of some Women, at least the Modesty of all.

Love. But 'till a Reformation can be made, I wou'd not leave the wholesome Corn, for some intruding Tares that grow amongst it. Doubtless the Moral of a well-wrought Scene is of a prevailing Force—Last Night there happen'd one that mov'd me strangely.

Am. Pray, what was that?

Love. Why 'twas about—but 'tis not worth repeating.

Am. Yes, pray let me know it.

Love. No, I think 'tis as well let alone.

Am. Nay, now you make me have a mind to know.

Love. 'Twas a foolish Thing. You'd perhaps grow jealous shou'd I tell it you, tho' without a Cause, Heaven knows.

Am. I shall begin to think I have Cause, if you persist in making it a Secret.

Love. I'll then convince you, you have none, by making it no longer so. Know then, I happen'd in the Play to find my very Character, only with the Addition of a *Relapse*; which struck me so, I put a sudden Stop to a most harmless Entertainment, which 'till then, diverted me between the Acts. 'Twas to admire the Workmanship of Nature, in the Face of a young Lady, that sat some distance from me, she was so exquisitely handsom.

Am. So exquisitely handsom!

Love. Why do you repeat my Words, my Dear.

Am. Because you seem'd to speak 'em with such Pleasure, I thought I might oblige you with their Echo.

Love. Then you are alarm'd, *Amanda*?

Am. It is my Duty to be so, when you are in Danger.

Love. You are too quick in apprehending for me; all will be well when you have heard me out. I do confess I gaz'd upon her, nay, eagerly I gaz'd upon her.

Am. Eagerly! That's with Desire.

Love. No, I desir'd her not: I view'd her with a World of Admirations, but not one Glance of Love.

Am. Take heed of trusting to such nice Distinctions.

Love. I did take heed; for observing in the Play, that he

he who seem'd to represent me there, was by an Accident like this, unwarily surpriz'd into a Net, in which he lay poor intangled Slave, and brought a Train of Mischiefs on his Head, I snatch'd my Eyes away; they pleaded hard for leave to look again, but I grew absolute, and they obey'd.

Am. Were they the only Things that were inquisitive? Had I been in your Place, my Tongue, I fancy, had been curious too; I shou'd have ask'd her Name, and where she liv'd, (yet still without Design:) — Who was she, pray?

Love. Indeed I cannot tell.

Am. You will not tell.

Love. By all that's sacred then, I did not ask.

Am. Nor do you know what Company was with her?

Love. I do not.

Am. Then I am calm again.

Love. Why, were you disturb'd?

Am. Had I then no Cause?

Love. None, certainly.

Am. I thought I had.

Love. But you thought wrong, *Amanda.* For turn the Case, and let it be your Story: Shou'd you come home and tell me you had seen a handsom Man, shou'd I grow jealous because you had Eyes?

Am. But shou'd I tell you he were exquisitely so; that had gaz'd on him with Admiratio; that I had look'd with eager Eyes upon him, shou'd you not think 'twere possible I might go one Step further, and enquire his Name?

Love. [Aside.] She has Reason on her Side; I have talk'd too much: But I must turn it off another Way. [To Am.] Will you then make no Difference, *Amanda*, between the Language of our Sex and your's? There is a Modesty restrains your Tongues, which makes you speak by halves when you commend; but roving Flattery gives a Loose to our's, which makes us still speak double what we think. You shou'd not therefore in so strict a Sense take what I said to her Advantage.

Am. Those Flights of Flattery, Sir, are to our Faces only: When Women once are out of hearing, you are as modest in your Commendations as we are. But I shan't put you to the Trouble of farther Excuses, if you please

this Business shall rest here. Only give me leave to wish, both for your Peace and mine, that you may never meet this Miracle of Beauty more.

Love. I am content.

Enter Servant.

Mrs. Madam, there's a young Lady at the Door in a Chair, desires to know whether your Ladyship sees Company. I think her Name is *Berinthia*.

Am. O dear! 'Tis a Relation I have not seen these five Years: Pray her to walk in. [Exit Ser.

To Love.] Here's another Beauty for you. She was young when I saw her last; but I hear she's grown extremely handsom.

Love. Don't you be jealous now; for I shall gaze upon her too.

Enter BERINTHIA.

Love. [Aside.] Ha! By Heavens, the very Woman!

Ber. [Saluting Am.] Dear *Amanda*, I did not expect to meet with you in Town.

Am. Sweet Cousin, I'm overjoy'd to see you. [To *Love.*] *Mr. Loveless*, here's a Relation and a Friend of mine, I desire you'll be better acquainted with.

Love. [Saluting *Ber.*] If my Wife never desires a harder Thing, Madam, her Request will be easily granted.

Ber. [To *Am.*] I think, Madam, I ought to wish you Joy.

Am. Joy! Upon what?

Ber. Upon your Marriage: You were a Widow when I saw you last.

Love. You ought rather, Madam, to wish me Joy upon this, since I am the only Gainer.

Ber. If she has got so good a Husband as the World reports, she has gain'd enough to expect the Compliment of her Friends upon it.

Love. If the World is so favourable to me, to allow I deserve that Title; I hope 'tis so just to my Wife to own I derive it from her.

Ber. Sir, it is so just to you both, to own you are (and deserve to be) the happiest Pair that live in it.

Love. I'm afraid we shall lose that Character, Madam, whenever you happen to change your Condition. En-

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, my Lord Foppington presents his humble Service to you, and desires to know how you do. He but just now heard you were in Town. He's at the next Door and if it be not inconvenient, he'll come and wait upon you.

Love. Lord Foppington! — I know him not.

Ber. Not his Dignity, perhaps, but you do his Person? 'Tis Sir Novelty; he has bought a Barony, in order to marry a great Fortune: His Patent has not been pass'd above eight and forty Hours, and he has already sent How-do-you to all the Town, to make 'em acquainted with his Title.

Love. Give my Service to his Lordship, and let him know, I am proud of the Honour he intends me. [Ex] *Ser.*] Sure this Addition of Quality must have so improv'd this Coxcomb, he can't but be very good Company for a quarter of an Hour.

Aman. Now it moves my Pity more than my Mirth to see a Man whom Nature has made no Fool, be so very industrious to pass for an Ass.

Lov. No, there you are wrong, *Amanda*; you shou'd never bestow your Pity upon those who take Pains for your Contempt. Pity those whom Nature abuses, but never those who abuse Nature.

Ber. Besides the Town wou'd be robb'd of one of its chiefest Diversions, if it shou'd become a Crime to laugh a Fool.

Aman. I could never yet perceive the Town inclined to part with any of its Diversions, for the Sake of their being Crimes; but I have seen it very fond of some, I think had little else to recommend 'em.

Ber. I doubt, *Amanda*, you are grown its Enemy, you speak with so much Warmth against it.

Aman. I must confess I am not much its Friend.

Ber. Then give me leave to make you mine, by no engaging in its Quarrel.

Aman. You have many stronger Claims than that *Berinthia*, whenever you think fit to plead your Title.

Lov. You have done well to engage a Second my Dear

For here comes one will be apt to call you to an Account
for your Country Principles.

Enter Lord FOPPINGTON.

L. Fop. [To Lov.] Sir, I am your most humble Servant.
Lov. I wish you joy, my Lord.

L. Fop. O Lard, Sir,— Madam, your Lardship's welcome to Town.

Aman. I wish your Lordship Joy.

L. Fop. O Heavens, Madam—

Lov. My Lord, this young Lady is a Relation of my Wifes.

L. Fop. [Saluting her.] The beautefuleft Race of People upon Earth, rat me: Dear Loveless, I am overjoy'd to see you have brought your Family to Tawn again; I am, stap my Vitals— [Aside.] For I design to lie with your Wife. [To Aman.] Far Gad's Sake, Madam, how has your Ladyship been able to subsist thus long, under the Fatigue of a Country Life.

Aman. My Life has been very far from that, my Lord; it has been a very quiet one.

L. Fop. Why that's the Fatigue I speak of, Madam: 'tis impaffible to be quiet, without thinking: Now thinking is to me the greatest Fatigue in the World.

Aman. Does not your Lordship love reading then?

L. Fop. Oh, passionately, Madam— But I never think of what I read.

Ber. Why, can your Lordship read without thinking?

L. Fop. O Lard— Can your Ladyship pray without Devotion— Madam?

Aman. Well, I must own I think Books the best Entertainment in the World.

L. Fop. I am so much of your Ladyship's Mind, Madam, that I have a private Gallery, where I walk sometimes, is furnished with nothing but Books and Looking-glasses. Madam, I have gilded 'em, and rang'd 'em so prettily, before Gad, it is the most entertaining Thing in the World to walk and look upon 'em.

Aman. Nay, I love a neat Library too; but, 'tis I think, Inside of a Book shou'd recommend it most to us.

L. Fop.

L. Fop. That, I must confess, I am not altogether fand of. Far to mind the Inside of a Book, is to entertain oneself with the forc'd Product of another Man's Brain. Naw I think a Man of Quality and Breeding, may be much better diverted with the natural Sprouts of his own. Be to say the Truth, Madam, let a Man love reading never well, when once he comes to know this Tawn, he finds so many better Ways of passing away the four and twenty Hours, that 'twere ten thousand Pities he shou'd confus his Time in that. Far Example, Madam, my Life; my Life, Madam, is a perpetual Stream of Pleasure, that glides through such a Variety of Entertainments, I believe the wisest of our Ancestors never had the least Concept of any of 'em.

I rise, Madam, about Ten a-Clock; I don't rise soon because 'tis the worst Thing in the World for the Complexion; nat that I pretend to be a Beau; but a Man must endeavour to look wholsome, lest he makes so nauseous a Figure in the Side-bax, the Ladies shou'd be compell'd to turn their Eyes upon the Play. So at Ten a-Clock I first rise. Naw if I find 'tis a good Day I resalve to take a Turn in the Park, and see the fine Women; so huddled my Cloaths, and get dress'd by One. If it be nasty Weather I take a Turn in the Chocolate-hause; where, as you will see, Madam, you have the prettiest Prospect in the World; you have Looking-glasses all round you——But I'm afraid to tire the Company.

Ber. Not at all. Pray go on.

L. Fop. Why then, Ladies from thence I go to Dinner at *Lacket's*, where you are so nicely and delicately serv'd that, stap my Vitals, they shall compose you a Dish bigger than a Saucer, shall come to Fifty Shillings.

Between eating my Dinner, and washing my Mouth, Ladies, I spend my Time, till I go to the Play, where, at Nine a Clock, I entertain myself with looking upon the Company; and usually dispose of one Hour more in leaving them aut. So there's Twelve of the Four and Twenty pretty well over.

The other Twelve, Madam, are dispos'd of in two As-

ties: In the first Four I toast myself drunk, and in t'other Night I sleep myself sober again. Thus, Ladies, you see Life is an Eternal round O of Delights.

Lov. 'Tis a Heavenly one, indeed.

Aman. But I thought, my Lord, you *Beaux* spent a great deal of your Time in Intrigues: You have given us Account of 'em yet.

L. Fop. [Aside.] Soh; she wou'd enquire into my Amours— That's Jealousy— She begins to be in love with me. [To Aman.] Why, Madam— as to time for my Intrigues, I usually make Detachments of it from my other Pleasures, according to the Exigency: Far your Ladyship may please to take notice, that those who intrigue with Women of Quality, have rarely occasion for above half an Hour at a time: People of that Rank being under those Decorums, they can seldom give you a larger View, than will just serve to shoot 'em flying. So that the Course of my other Pleasures is not very much interrupted by my Amours.

Lov. But your Lordship is now become a Pillar of the State; you must attend the weighty Affairs of the Nation.

L. Fop. Sir— as to weighty Affairs— I leave them to weighty Heads. I never intend mine shall be a Burthen to my Body.

Lov. O but you'll find the House will expect your Attendance.

L. Fop. Sir, you'll find the House will compound for my appearance.

Lov. But your Friends will take it ill if you don't attend their particular Causes.

L. Fop. Not, Sir, if I come Time enough to give 'em particular Vote.

Ber. But pray, my Lord, how do you dispose of your *Sundays*, for that, methinks, shou'd hang wretchedly on your Hands.

L. Fop. Why Faith. Madam— *Sunday*— is a vile Day, I must confess: I intend to move for leave to bring a Bill, that Players may work upon it, as well as the Hackney-Coaches. Tho' this I must say for the Government, it leaves us the Churches to entertain us — But then again,

again, they begin so abominably early, a Man must rise by Candle-light to get dress'd by the Psalm.

Ber. Pray which Church does your Lordship most oblig with your Presence?

L. Fop. Oh, St. James's, Madam— There's much the best Company.

Aman. Is there good Preaching too?

L. Fop. Why Faith, Madam— I can't tell. A Man must have very little to do there, that can give an Account of the Sermon.

Ber. You can give us an Account of the Ladies at least.

L. Fop. Or I deserve to be excommunicated— There is my Lady *Tattle*, my Lady *Prate*, my Lady *Tittre*, my Lady *Leer*, my Lady *Giggle*, and my Lady *Grin*. They sit in the Front of the Boxes, and all Church-time are the prettiest Company in the World, strop my Vitals.

Aman.] Mayn't we hope for the Honour to see your Ladyship added to our Society, Madam?

Aman. Alas, my, Lord, I am the worst Company in the World at Church: I'm apt to mind the Prayers or the Sermon, or—

L. Fop. One is indeed strangely apt at Church to mind what one should not do. But I hope, Madam, at on time or other, I shall have the Honour to lead your Ladyship to your Coach there. [Aside.] Methinks she seems strangely pleas'd with everything I say unto her— 'Tis a vast Pleasure to receive Encouragement from a Woman before her Husband's Face— I have a good mind to pursue my Conquest, and speak the Thing plainly to her once— I gad I'll do't, and that in so Cavalier a manner she shall be surpriz'd at it— Ladies, I'll take my leave. I'm afraid I begin to grow troublesome with the length of my Visit.

Aman. Your Lordship's too entertaining to grow troublesome anywhere.

L. Fop. [Aside.] That now was as much as if she had said— Pray lie with me. I'll let her see I'm quick o' Apprehension. [To *Aman.*] O Lard. Madam, I had like to have forgot a Secret, I must needs tell your Ladyship. [To *Lov.*] Ned, you must not be so jealous now as to listen

Lov.

Lov. Not I, my Lord; I am too fashionable a Husband
to pry into the Secrets of my Wife.

L. Fop. [To Aman, squeezing her Hand.] I am in love
with you to Desperation, strike me speechless,

Aman. [Giving him a Box o'th' Ear.] Then thus I re-
turn your Passion—An impudent Fool!

L. Fop. Gad's Curse, Madam, I'm a Peer of the Realm.

Lov. Hey! what the Devil do you affront my Wife, Sir?
y then—

[They draw and fight.]

Aman. Ah! What has my Folly done? Help; Mur-
der, help! Part'em for Heaven's Sake.

[The Women run shrieking for help.]

L. Fop. [Falling back, and leaning upon his Sword.] Ah—
a site through the body—Stap my Vitals.

Enter Servant.

Lov. (Running to him.) I hope I han't kill'd the Fool
wever—Bear him up! Where's your Wound?

L. Fop. Just through the Guts.

Lov. Call a Surgeon there: Unbutton him quickly.

L. Fop. Ay, pray make haste.

Lov. This Mischief you may thank yourself for.

L. Fop. I may so—Love's the Devil indeed, Ned.

Enter SERINGE and Servant.

Serv. Here's Mr. Seringe, Sir, was just going by the
door.

L. Fop. He's the welcom'st Man alive.

Ser. Stand by, stand by, stand by. Pray Gentlemen
and by. Lord have Mercy upon us; Did you never see
Man run through the Body before? Pray stand by.

L. Fop. Ah, Mr. Seringe—I'm a dead Man.

Ser. A dead Man and I by—I shou'd laugh to see that,
gad.

Lov. Prithee don't stand prating, but look upon his
ound.

Ser. Why, what if I won't look upon his Wound this
hour, Sir?

Lov. Why then he'll bleed to Death, Sir,

Ser. Why, then I'll fetch him to Life again, Sir.

Lov. 'Slife, he's run through the Guts, I tell thee.

Ser. Wou'd he were run through the Heart, I shou'd get

the more Credit by his Cure. Now I hope you are satisfy'd?— Come, now let me come at him; now let me come at him. (*Viewing his Wound.*) Oons, what a Gash here?— Why Sir, a Man may drive a Coach and Six Horses into your Body.

L. Fop. Ho!—

Ser. Why, what the Devil have you run the Gentleman through with a Scythe— (*Aside.*) A little Prick between the Skin and the Ribs, that's all.

Lov. Let me see his Wound.

Ser. Then you many dress it, Sir; for if anybody looks upon it, I won't.

Lov. Why, thou art the veriest Coxcomb I ever saw.

Ser. Sir, I am not Master of my Trade for nothing.

L. Fop. Surgeon.

Ser. Well Sir.

L. Fop. Is there any Hopes?

Ser. Hopes?— I can't tell— What are you willing give for your Cure?

L. Fop. Five hundred Paunds with Pleasure.

Ser. Why then perhaps there may be Hopes. But I must avoid further Delay, Here; help the Gentleman to a Chair, and carry him to my House presently, that the properest Place, (*Aside.*) to bubble him out of his Money. Come, a Chair, a Chair quickly— there, in with him. [They put him into a Chair]

L. Fop. Dear *Loveless*— Adieu. If I die— I forgive thee; and if I live— I hope thou wilt do as much for me. I am very sorry you and I shou'd quarrel; but I have here's an End on't, for if you are satisfy'd— I am.

Lov. I shall hardly think it worth my prosecuting further, so you may be at rest, Sir.

L. Fop. Thou art a generous Fellow, strike me down (*Aside.*) But thou hast an impertinent Wife, strop my Vinaigrette.

Ser. So, carry him off, we shall have him prate himself into a Fever by and by; carry him off.

[Exit *Ser.* with *L. Fop.*]

Aman. Now on my Knees, my Dear, let me ask you Pardon for my Indiscretion; my own I never shall sustain.

love. O ! there's no Harm done : You serv'd him well.

Aman. He did indeed deserve it. But I tremble to think
v dear my indiscreet Resentment might have cost you.

Lov. O no Matter, never trouble yourself about that.

Ber. For Heaven's Sake, what was't he did to you ?

Aman. O nothing ; he only squeez'd me kindly by the
nd, and frankly offer'd me'a Coxcomb's Heart. I know
was to blame to resent it as I did, since nothing but a
Quarrel cou'd ensue. But the Fool so surpriz'd me with
his Insolence, I was not Mistress of my Fingers.

Ber. Now I dare swear, he thinks you had 'em at great
Command, they obey'd you so readily.

Enter WORTHY.

Wor. Save you, save you good People : I'm glad to find
u all alive ; I met a wounded Peer carrying off : For
heaven's Sake what was the Matter ?

Lov. O a Trifle : He wou'd have lain with my
ife before my Face ; so she oblig'd him with a Box o'th'
r, and I run him through the Body : That was all.

Wor. Bagatelle on all tides. But, pray Madam, how
ng has this Noble Lord been an humble Servant of your's ?

Aman. This is the first I have heard on't. So I suppose
s his Quality more than his Love, has brought him into
is Adventure. He thinks his Title an authentick Pass-
ort to every Woman's Heart, below the Degrée of a
erefs.

Wor. He's Coxcomb enough to think anything. But I
ou'd not have you brought into Trouble for him : I
ope there's no Danger of his Life ?

Love. None at all : He's fallen into the Hands of a Roguish
urgeon, who I perceive, designs to frighten a little Mony
ut of him. But I saw his Wound, 'tis nothing ; he may
o to the Play to-night, if he pleases.

Wor. I am glad you have corrected him without farther
mischief. And now, Sir, if these Ladies have no farther
ervice for you, you'll oblige me if you can go to the
lace I spoke to you of t'other Day.

Lov. With all my Heart. (*Aside.*) Tho' I cou'd wish,
methinks, to stay and gaze a little longer on that Creature.
Good Gods ! How beautiful she is — But what have I to

do with Beauty? I have already had my Portion, and
must not covet more. (*To Wor.*) Come, Sir, when you
please.

Wor. Ladies your Servant.

Aman. Mr. *Loveless*, pray one Word with you before
you go.

Lov. (*to Wor.*) I'll overtake you, Sir. What wou'd my
Dear? [*Exit Wor.*]

Aman. Only a Woman's foolish Question.
How do you like my Cousin here?

Lov. Jealous already, *Amanda*?

Aman. Not at all; I ask you for another Reason.

Lov. [*aside.*] Whate'er her Reason be, I must not tell her
true. (*To Aman.*) Why, I confess she's handsom. But
you must not think I slight your Kinswoman, if I own to
you, of all the Women who may claim that Character,
she is the last wou'd triumph in my Heart.

Aman. I'm satisfy'd.

Lov. Now tell me why you ask'd?

Aman. At Night I will. Adieu.

Lov. I'm your's (*Kisses her.*) [*Exit Lov.*]

Aman. [*aside.*] I'm glad to find he does not like her; for
I have a great mind to perswade her to come and live with
me. (*To Ber.*) Now dear *Berinthia*, let me enquire a little
into your Affairs: For I do assure you, I am enough your
Friend, to interest myself in everything that concerns you.

Ber. You formerly have given me such Proofs on't I
shou'd be very much to blame to doubt it; I am sorry I
have no Secrets to trust you with, that I might convince
you how entire a Confidence I durst repose in you.

Aman. Why is it possible, that one so young and beautiful as you, shou'd live and have no Secrets?

Ber. What Secrets do you mean?

Aman. Lovers.

Ber. O Twenty; but not one Secret one amongst 'em.
Lovers in this Age have too much Honour to do anything
underhand; they do all above-board.

Aman. That now methinks wou'd make me hate a Man.

Ber. But the Women of the Town are of another Mind:
For by this means a Lady may (with the Expence of a few
coquet

(quæct Glances) lead twenty Fools about in a String, for two or three Years together. Whereas, if she shou'd allow 'em greater Favours, and oblige 'em to Secrecy, she shou'd not keep one of 'em a Fortnight.

Am. There's something indeed in that to satisfy the Vanity of a Woman, but I can't comprehend how the Men and their Account in it.

Ber. Their Entertainment, I must confess, is a Riddle to me. For there's very few of them ever get farther, than a Bow and an Ogle. I have half a Score for my Share, who follow me all over the Town; and at the Play, the Park, and the Church, do (with their Eyes) say the violent'st Things to me— But I never hear any more of 'em.

Am. What can be the Reason of that?

Ber. One Reason is, they don't know how to go farther. They have had so little Practice, they don't understand the Trade. But, besides their Ignorance, you must know there is not one of my half Score Lovers but what follows half a Score Mistresses. Now their Affections being divided amongst so many, are not strong enough for any one to make 'em pursue her to the Purpose. Like a young Puppy in a Warren, they have a Flirt at all, and catch none.

Am. Yet they seem to have a Torrent of Love to dispose of.

Ber. They have so: But 'tis like the River of a modern Philosopher, (whose Works, tho' a Woman, I have read) sets out with a violent Stream, splits in a thousand Branches, and is all lost in the Sands.

Am. But do you think this River of Love runs all its Course without doing any Mischief? Do you think it overflows nothing?

Ber. O yes: 'Tis true, it never breaks into anybody's Ground that has the least Fence about it; but it overflows all the Commons that lie in its Way. And this is the utmost Achievement of those dreadful Champions in the Field of Love—the Beaux.

Am. But prithee, *Berinthia*, instruct me a little farther; for I am so great a Novice, I'm almost ashamed on't. My Husband's leaving me whilst I was young and fond, threw me into that Depth of Discontent, that ever since I have

led so private and recluse a Life, my Ignorance is scarce conceivable. I therefore fain would be instructed: No (Heaven knows) that what you call Intrigues have any Charms for me; my Love and Principles are too well fix'd. The practick Part of all unlawful Love is—

Ber. O 'tis abominable: But for the speculative; that we must all confess is entertaining. The Conversation of the virtuous Women in the Town turns upon that and new Cloaths.

Am. Pray be so just then to me, to believe, 'tis with the World of Innocency I wou'd enquire, whether you think those Women we call Women of Reputation, do really 'scape all other Men, as they do those Shadows of 'em, the Beaux?

Ber. O no, *Amanda*; there are a Sort of Men make dreadful Work amongst 'em: Men that may be call'd, the Beaux Antipathy; for they agree in nothing but walking upon two Legs: These have Brains; the Beau has none. These are in Love with their Mistress; the Beau with himself. They take care of her Reputation; he's industrious to destroy it. They are decent; he's a Fop. They are sound; he's rotten. They are Men; he's an Afs.

Am. If this be their Character, I fancy we had here e'en now a Pattern of 'em both.

Ber. His Lordship and Mr. *Worthy*?

Am. The same.

Ber. As for the Lord, he's eminently so: And for the other, I can assure you, there's not a Man in Town who has a better Interest with the Women, that are worth having an Interest with. But 'tis all private: He's like a Back-stair Minister at Court, who, whilst the reputed Favourites are sauntering in the Bed-Chamber, is ruling the Roast in the Closet.

Am. He answers then the Opinion I had ever of him. Heavens! What a Difference there is between a Man like him, and that vain nauseous Fop, Sir *Novelty*. [Taking her Hand.] I must acquaint you with a Secret, Cousin. 'Tis not that Fool alone has talk'd to me of Love; *Worthy* has been tampering too: 'Tis true, he has don't in vain: Not all his Charms or Art have Power to shake me: My

Love,

ove, my Duty, and my Virtue, are such faithful Guards, need not fear my Heart shou'd e'er betray me. But what wonder at is this: I find I did not start at his Proposal, as when it came from one whom I contemn'd. I therefore mention this Attempt, that I may learn from you whence proceeds; that Vice (which cannot change its Nature) shou'd so far change at least its Shape, as that the self-same Crime propos'd from one shall seem a Monster gaping at our Ruin, when from another it shall look so kind, as tho' it were your Friend, and never meant to harm you. Whence think you can this Difference proceed? For 'tis not Love, Heaven knows.

Ber. O no; I wou'd not for the World believe it were. But possibly, shou'd there a dreadful Sentence pass upon you, to undergo the Rage of both their Passions; the Pain you apprehend from one might seem so trivial to the other; the Danger wou'd not quite so much alarm you.

Am. Fy, fy, *Berinthia*, you wou'd indeed alarm me, if you incline me to a Thought, that all the Merit of Mankind combin'd, cou'd shake that tender Love I bear my Husband: No, he sits triumphant in my Heart, and nothing can dethrone him.

Ber. But shou'd he abdicate again, do you think you shou'd preserve the vacant Throne ten tedious Winters more in Hopes of his Return?

Am. Indeed I think I shou'd. Tho' I confess, after those Obligations he has to me, shou'd he abandon me once more, my Heart wou'd grow extreamly urgent with me to root him thence, and cast him out for ever.

Ber. Were I that Thing they call a flighted Wife, somebody shou'd run the Risque of being that Thing they call — a Husband.

Am. O fy, *Berinthia*, no Revenge shou'd ever be taken against a Husband: But to wrong his Bed is a Vengeance which of all Vengeance —

Ber. Is the sweetest, ha, ha, ha. Don't I talk madly?

Am. Madly indeed.

Ber. Yet I'm very innocent.

Am. That I dare swear you are. I know how to make Allowances for your Humour: You were always very en-

tertaining Company ; but I find since Marriage and Wi-
dowhood have shewn you the World a little, you are very
much improv'd.

Ber. [Aside.] Alack-a-day, there has gone more than
that to improve me, if she knew all.

Am. For Heaven's Sake, *Berenthia*, tell me what Way
I shall take to perswade you to come and live with me ?

Ber. Why, one Way in the World there is—and but one.

Am. Pray what is that ?

Ber. It is, to assure me—I shall be very welcome.

Am. If that be all, you shall e'en lie here to-night.

Ber. To-night ?

Am. Yes, to-night.

Ber. Why the People were I lodge will think me mad.

Am. Let 'em think what they please.

Ber. Say you so, *Amanda*? Why then they shall think
what they please : For I'm a young Widow, and I care not
what anybody think. Ah, *Amanda*, 'tis a delicious Thing
to be a young Widow.

Am. You'll hardly make me think so.

Ber. Phu, because you are in love with your Husband:
But that is not every Woman's Case.

Am. I hope 'twas your's, at least.

Ber. Mine, say ye? Now I have a great Mind to tell
you a Lie, but I shou'd do it so awkwardly you'd find me out.

Am. Then e'en speak the Truth.

Ber. Shall I?—Then after all I did love him, *Amanda*,
as a Nun does Pennance.

Am. Why did not you refuse to marry him then?

Ber. Because my Mother wou'd have whipt me.

Am. How did you live together?

Ber. Like Man and Wife, asunder. He lov'd the Coun-
try, I the Town; he Hawks and Hounds, I Coaches and
Equipage, he eating and drinking, I carding and playing:
He the Sound of a Horn, I the Squeak of a Fiddle. We
were dull Company at Table, worse a-bed : Whenever we
met we gave one another the Spleen; and never agreed
but once, which was about lying alone.

Am. But tell me one Thing truly and sincerely.

Ber. What's that?

Am.

Am. Notwithstanding all these Jars, did not his Death last—extremely trouble you?

Ber. O yes: Not that my present Pangs were so very plent, but the After-pains were intolerable. I was forc'd wear a beastly Widow's Band a twelve-month for't.

Am. Women, I find, have different Inclinations.

Ber. Women, I find, keep different Company. When our Husband ran away from you, if you had fallen into me of my Acquaintance, 'twou'd have sav'd you many a year. But you go and live with a Grandmother, a Bishop, and an old Nurse; which was enough to make any Woman break her Heart for her Husband. Pray, *Amanda*, if ever you are a Widow again, keep yourself so as I do.

Am. Why do you then resolve you'll never marry?

Ber. O, no, I resolve I will.

Am. How so?

Ber. That I never may.

Am. You banter me.

Ber. Indeed I don't. But I consider I'm a Woman, and run my Resolutions accordingly.

Am. Well my Opinion is, form what Resolution you will, Matrimony will be the End on't.

Ber. Faith it won't.

Am. How do you know? *Ber.* I am sure on't.

Am. Why, do you think 'tis impossible for you to fall in love?

Ber. No.

Am. Nay, but to grow so passionately fond, that nothing but the Man you love can give you Rest?

Ber. Well, what then?

Am. Why then you'll marry him.

Ber. How do you know that?

Am. Why, what can you do else?

Ber. Nothing—but fit and cry.

Am. Psha.

Ber. Ah, poor *Amanda*, you have led a Country Life; but if you'll consult the Widows of this Town, they'll tell you, you shou'd never take a Lease of a House you can hire for a Quarter's Warning.

A C T III.

Enter Lord FOPPINGTON and Servant.

L. *Fop.* H E Y, Fellow, let the Coach come to the Door.
H Ser. Will your Lordship venture so soon to expose yourself to the Weather?

L. *Fop.* Sir, I will venture as soon as I can, to expose myself to the Ladies; tho' give me my Cloak however; for in that Side-box, what between the Air that comes in at the Door on one side, and the intolerable Warmth of the Masks on t'other, a Man gets so many Heats and Colds, 'twou'd destroy the Constitution of a Horse.

Ser. *putting on his Cloak.*) I wish your Lordship wou'd please to keep House a little longer, I'm afraid your Honour does not well consider your Wound.

L. *Fop.* My Wound! — I wou'd not be in Eclipse another Day, tho' I had as many Wounds in my Guts as I have had in my Heart.

Enter Young FASHION.

Y. F. Brother, your Servant. How do you find yourself to-day?

L. *Fop.* So well, that I have arder'd my Coach to the Door: So there's no great Danger of Death this Baut, *Tam.*

Y. F. I'm very glad of it.

L. *Fop. aside.*) That I believe's a Lie.
Prithee, *Tam*, tell me one Thing: Did not your Heart cut a Caper up to your Mauth, when you heard I was run through the Body?

Y. F. Why do you think it shou'd?

L. *Fop.* Because I remember mine did so, when I heard my Father was shat through the Head.

Y. F. It then did very ill.

L. *Fop.*

L. *Fop.* Prithee, why so?

Y. *F.* Because he us'd you very well.

L. *Fop.* Well? — naw strike me dumb, he starv'd me. He has let me want a thausand Women, for want of a haufand Paund.

Y. *F.* Then he hindred you from making a great many ill Bargains; for I think no Woman is worth Mony, that will take Mony.

L. *Fop.* If I were a younger Brother, I shou'd think so too.

Y. *F.* Why, is it possible you can value a Woman that's to be bought?

L. *Fop.* Prithee, why not as well as a Pad-Nag?

Y. *F.* Because a Woman has a Heart to dispose of; a Horse has none.

L. *Fop.* Look you, *Tam*, of all Things that belang to a Woman, I have an Aversion to her Heart: Far when once a Woman has given you her Heart — you can never get rid of the Rest of her Bady.

Y. *F.* This is strange Doctrine: But pray in your Amours how is it with your own Heart?

L. *Fop.* Why, my Heart in my Amours — is like to my Heart aut of my Amours; *à la glace*. My Bady, *Tam*, is a Watch; and my Heart is the Pendulum to it; whilst the Fingers runs raund to every Hour in the Circle, that still beats the same Time.

Y. *F.* Then you are seldom much in love?

L. *Fop.* Never, stap my Vitals.

Y. *F.* Why then did you make all this Bustle about *A-manda*?

L. *Fop.* Because she was a Woman of an insolent Virtue, and I thought myself prickt in Honour to debauch her.

Y. *F.* Very well.

Aside.) Here's a rare Fellow for you, to have the spending of Five Thousand Paunds a Year. But now for my Busi-
ness with him.

To L. Fop.) Brother, tho' I know to talk to you of Business (especially of Mony) is a Theme not quite so entertaining to you as that of the Ladies; my Necessities are such, I hope you'll have Patience to hear me.

L. *Fop.*

L. *Fop.* The Greatnes of your Necesfies, *Tam*, is the worst Argument in the World for being patiently heard. I do believe you are going to make me a very good Speech, but, strike me dumb, it has the worst Beginning of any Speech I have heard this Twelve-month.

Y. *F.* I'm very sorry you think so.

Fop. I do believe thou art. But come, let's know thy Affair quickly; far 'tis a new Play, and I shall be so rump-led and squeez'd with pressing through the Crawd, to get to my Servant, the Women will think I have lain all Night in my Cloaths.

Y. *F.* Why then (that I'm not be the Author of so great a Misfortune) my Case in a word is this.

The necessary Expences of my Travels have so much exceeded the wretched Income of my Annuity, that I have been forc'd to mortgage it for Five Hundred Pounds, which is spent; so that unless you are so kind to assist me in redeeming it, I know no Remedy, but to take a Purse.

L. *Fop.* Why, Faith, *Tam*—to give you my Sense of the Thing, I do think taking a Purse the best Remedy in the World; for if you succeed, you are reliev'd that Way; if you are taken—you are reliev'd t'other.

Y. *F.* I'm glad to see you are in so pleasant a Humour, I hope I shall find the Effects on't.

L. *Fop.* Why do you then really think it a reasonable Thing I shou'd give you Five Hundred Paunds?

Y. *F.* I do not ask it as a due, Brother, I am willing to receive it as a Favour.

L. *Fop.* Thou art willing to receive it any haw, strike me speechless. But these are damn'd Times to give Mony in, Taxes are so great, Repairs, so exorbitant, Tenants such Rogues, and Periwigs so dear, that the Devil take me, I am reduc'd to that Extremity in my Cash, I have been forc'd to retrench in that one Article of sweet Powder, till I have brought it down to five Guineas a Manth. Naw judge, *Tam*, whether I can spare you five hundred Paunds.

Y. *F.* If you can't, I must starve that's all.

Aside.) Damn him.

L. *Fop.* All I can say is, you shou'd have been a better Husband. Y. *F.*

Y. F. Ootis, if you can't live upon Five Thousand a year, how do you think I shou'd do upon Two Hundred?

L. Fop. Don't be in a Passion, *Tam*; far Passion is the most unbecoming Thing in the Wurld— to the Face.

Look you, I don't love to say anything to you to make you Melancholy; but upon this Occasion I must take leave to put you in mind, that a Running Horse does require more Attendance than a Coach-Horse. Nature has made some Difference 'twixt you and I.

Y. F. Yes, she has made you older. [Aside.] Pox take her.

L. Fop. That is nat all, *Tam*.

Y. F. Why what is there else?

L. Fop. Looking first upon himself, then upon his Brother.] Ask the Ladies.

Y. F. Why, thou Essence-Bottle, thou Musk-Cat, dost thou then think thou hast any Advantage over me, but what Fortune has given thee?

L. Fop. I do—stap my Vitals.

Y. F. Now by all that's great and powerful, thou art the Prince of Coxcombs.

L. Fop. Sir— I am praud of being at the Head of so revaling a Party.

Y. F. Will nothing then provoke thee—Draw Coward.

L. Fop. Look you, *Tam*, you know I have always taken ou for a mighty dull Fellow, and here is one of the foolish-
ft Plats broke out, that I have seen a long time. Your
'verty makes your Life so burthensom to you, you woud
provoke me to a Quarrel, in hopes either to slip through
ny Lungs into my Estate, or to get yourself run through
he Guts, to put an end to your Pain: But I will disappoint
ou in both your Designs, far with the Temper of a Phila-
opher, and the Discretion of a Statesman—I will go to
he Play with my Sword in my Scabbard. [Exit. L. Fop.

Y. F. Soh, Farewel Snuff-Box. And now, Conscience, defy thee.

Lory.

Enter LORY.

Lory. Sir.

Y. F. Here's rare News, *Lory*: His Lordship has given me a Pill has purg'd off all my Scruples.

Lo.

Lo. Then my Heart's at Ease again : For I have been in lamentable Fright, Sir, ever since your Conscience had the Impudence to intrude into your Company.

Y.F. Be at peace ; it will come there no more : My Brother has given it a Wring by the Nose, and I have kick'd it down Stairs. So run away to the Inn ; get the Horse ready quickly, and bring 'em to old Coupler's, without Moment's Delay.

Lo. Then, Sir, you are going strait about the Fortune.

Y.F. I am ; away fly, *Lory*.

Lo. The happiest Day I ever saw. I'm upon the Wing already.

[*Exeunt several Way*.]

S C E N E, A Garden.

Enter LOVELESS and Servant.

Lov. Is my Wife within ?

Ser. No, Sir, she has been gone out this half Hour.

Lov. 'Tis well ; leave me.

Solus.

Sure Fate has yet some Busines to be done, before *Amanda*'s Heart and mine must rest : Else why among those Legions of her Sex, which throng the World, shou'dn't pick out for her Companion, the only one on Earth, whom Nature has endow'd for her undoing. Undoing was't, said — Who shall undo her ? Is not her Empire fix'd ? Am I not her's : Did she not rescue me, a groveling Slave, When chain'd and bound by that black Tyrant Vice, I labour'd in his vilest Drudgery, did she not ransom me, and set me free ? Nay more when by my Follies sunk to a poor tatter'd despicable Beggar, did she not lift me up to envied Fortune, give me herself, and all that she possest ? without a Thought of more Return, then what a poor repenting Heart might make her. Han't she done this ? And if she has, am I not strongly bound to love her for it ? To love her — Why, do I that love her then ? By Earth and Heaven I do. Nay, I have Demonstration that I do : For I wou'd sacrifice my Life to serve her.

Yet hold — If laying down my Life be Demonstration of my Love ; what is't I feel in Favour of *Berimbia* ? For shou'

You'd she be in Danger, methinks I cou'd incline to risque
for her Service too; and yet I do not love her: How then
abstains my Proof?—O, I have found it out. What I
cou'd do for one, is Demonstration of my Love; and if
I do as much for t'other, it there is Demonstration of my
friendship.—Ay— it must be so. I find I'm very much
her Friend— Whence springs this mighty Friendship all
at once? For our Acquaintance is of later Date. Now
friendship's said to be a Plant of tedious Growth; its Root
compos'd of tender Fibres, nice in their Tast, cautious in
spreading, check'd with the least Corruption in the Soil;
long e'er it take, and longer still e'er it appear to do so:
Whilst mine is in a Moment shot so high, and fix'd so fast, it
seems beyond the Power of Storms to shake it. I doubt it
thrives too fast.

[Musing.]

Enter BERINTHIA.

—Ha, she here!— Nay, then take heed my Heart, for
here are Dangers towards.

Ber. What makes you look so thoughtful, Sir? I hope
you are not ill?

Love. I was debating, Madam, whether I was so or not;
and that was it which made me look so thoughtful.

Ber. Is it then so hard a Matter to decide? I thought all
People had been acquainted with their own Bodies, though
few People know their own Minds.

Love. What, if the Distemper I suspect, be in the Mind?

Ber. Why, then I'll undertake to prescribe you a Cure.

Love. Alas, you undertake you know not what.

Ber. So far at least then allow me to be a Physician.

Love. Nay, I'll allow you so yet farther; for I have
Reason to believe, shou'd I put myself into your Hands,
you wou'd increase my Distemper.

Ber. Perhaps I might have Reasons from the College
not to be too quick in your Cure; but 'tis possible I might
find Ways to give you often Ease, Sir.

Love. Were I but sure of that, I'd quickly lay my Case
before you.

Ber. Whether you are sure of it or no, what Risque do
you run in trying?

Love. O, a very great one.

Ber.

Ber. How?

Love. You might betray my Distemper to my Wife.

Ber. And so lose all my Practice.

Love. Will you then keep my Secret.

Ber. I will, if it don't burst me.

Love. Swear.

Ber. I do.

Love. By what.

Ber. By Woman.

Love. That's swearing by my Deity. Do it by your own, or I shan't believe you.

Ber. By Man then.

Love. I'm satisfy'd. Now hear my Symptoms, and give me your Advice. The first were these:

When 'twas my Chance to see you at the Play, a random Glance you threw, at first alar'm'd me. • I cou'd not turn my Eyes from whence the Danger came: I gaz'd upon you till you shot again, and then my Fears came on me. My Heart began to pant, my Limbs to tremble, my Blood grew thin, my pulse beat quick, my Eyes grew hot and dim, and all the Frame of Nature shock with Apprehension. 'Tis true, some small Recruits of Resolution my Manhood brought to my Assistance, and by their Help made a stand a while; but found at least your Arrows flew so thick, they cou'd not fail to pierce me: So left the Field and fled for Shelter to *Amanda's* Arms. What think ye of these Symtoms pray?

Ber. Feverish every one of 'em. But what Relief pris did your Wife afford you?

Love. Why, instantly she let me blood; which for the present much affwag'd my Flame. But when I saw you out it burst again, and rag'd with greater Fury than before. Nay since you now appear, 'tis so encreas'd, that in a Moment if you do not help me, I shall, whilst you look on, consume to Ashes. [Taking hold of her Hand]

Ber. [Breaking from him.] O Lard, let me go: 'Tis the Plague, and we shall all be infected.

Love. [Catching her in his Arms and kissing her.] Then we'll die together, my charming Angel.

Ber.

Ber. O Ged— the Devil's in you.
Lord, let me go, here's somebody coming.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, my Lady's come home, and desires to speak with you: She's in her Chamber.

Lov. Tell her I'm coming.

[*Exit Serv.*

To Ber.] But before I go, one Glass of Nectar more to drink her Health.

Ber. Stand off, or I shall hate you, by Heavens.

Lov. [kissing her.] In matters of Love, a Woman's Oath is no more to be minded than a Man's.

Ber. Um—

Enter WORTHY.

Wor. Ha! What's here? My old Mistress, and so close, I faith? I wou'd not spoil her Sport for the Universe.

[*He retires.*

Ber. O Ged— Now do I pray to Heaven, [*Exit Lovelies running.*] with all my Heart and Soul, that the Devil, in Hell may take me, if ever—I was better pleas'd in my Life— This Man has bewitch'd me, that's certain. (*Sighing.*) Well, I am condemn'd; but Thanks to Heaven I feel myself each Moment more and more prepar'd for my Execution. Nay, to that Degree, I don't perceive I have the least Fear of dying. No, I find, let the Executioner be but a Man, and there's nothing will suffer with more Resolution than a Woman. Well, I never had but one intrigue yet: But I confess I long to have another. Pray Heaven it end as the first did tho', that we may both grow weary at a Time; For 'tis a melancholy Thing for Lovers to outlive one another.

Enter WORTHY.

Wor. (*Aside.*) This Discovery's a lucky one, I hope to make a happy Use on't. That Gentlewoman there is no Fool; so I shall be able to make her understand her Interest. (*To Ber.*) Your Servant, Madam, I need not ask you how you do, you have got so good a Colour.

Ber. No better than I us'd to have, I suppose.

Wor. A little more Blood in your Cheeks.

D

Ber.

Ber. The Weather's hot.

Wor. If it were not, a Woman may have a Colour;

Ber. What do you mean by that?

Wor. Nothing.

Ber. Why do you smile then?

Wor. Because the Weather's hot.

Bell. You'll never leave roguing, I see that.

Wor. (*Putting his Finger to his Nose.*) You'll never leave
— I see that.

Ber. Well, I can't imagin what you drive at. Pray tell
me what you mean?

Wor. Do you tell me, it's the same Thing.

Ber. I can't.

Wor. Guess!

Ber. I shall guess wrong.

Wor. Indeed you wont.

Ber. Psha! either tell, or let it alone.

Wor. Nay, rather than let it alone, I will tell. But first
I must put you in mind, that after what has past 'twixt you
and I, very few Things ought to be Secrets between us.

Ber. Why, what Secrets do we hide? I know of none.

Wor. Yes, there are two; one I have hid from you, and
the other you wou'd hide from me. You are fond of *Lov-*
less, which I have discover'd, and I am fond of his Wife—

Ber. Which I have discover'd.

Wor. Very well, now I confess your Discovery to be
true: What do you say to mine?

Ber. Why, I confess — I wou'd swear 'twere false, if
I thought you were Fool enough to believe me.

Wor. Now am I almost in love with you again, Nay,
I don't know but I might be quite so, had I made one short
Campaign with *Amanda*. Therefore, if you find 'twou'd
tickle your Vanity, to bring me down once more to your
Lure; e'en help me quickly to dispatch her Busines, that I
may have nothing else to do, but to apply myself to your—

Ber. Do you then think, Sir, I am old enough to be
Bawd?

Wor. No, but I think you are wise enough to —

Ber. To do what?

Wor. To hoodwink *Amanda* with a Gallant, that she
mayn't see who is her Husband's Mistress.

Ber. (*Aside.*) He has Reason: The Hint's a good one.

Wor. Well, Madam, what think you on't?

Ber. I think you are so much a deeper Politician in these Affairs than I am, that I ought to have a very great Regard to your Advice.

Wor. Then give me leave to put you in mind, that the most easy, safe, and pleasant Situation for your own Amour, is the House in which you now are; provided you keep *Amanda* from any Sort of Suspicion. That the Way to do that is to engage her in an Intrigue of her own, making ourself her Confident. And the Way to bring her to Intrigue, is to make her jealous of her Husband in a wrong Place; which the more you foment, the less you'll be suspected. This is my Scheme, in short; which if you follow as you shou'd do (my dear *Berinthia*) we may all our pass the Winter very pleasantly.

Ber. Well, I cou'd be glad to have nobody's Sins to answer for but my own. But where there is a Necessity—

Wor. Right as you say, where there is a Necessity, a Christian is bound to help his Neighbour. So good *Berinthia*, lose no Time, but let us begin the Dance as fast as we can.

Ber. Not till the Fiddles are in Tune, pray Sir. Your Lady's Strings will be very apt to fly, I can tell you that, if they are wound up too hastily. But if you'll have Patience to screw 'em to a Pitch by degrees, I don't doubt but she may endure to be play'd upon.

Wor. Ay, and will make admirable Musick too, or I'm mistaken; but have you had no private Closet Discourse with her yet about Males and Females, and so forth, which may give you Hopes in her Constitution; for I know her Morals are the Devil against us?

Ber. I have had so much Discourse with her, that I believe were she once cur'd of her Fondness to her Husband, the Fortress of her Virtue wou'd not be so impregnable as she fancies.

Wor. What! She runs, I'll warrant you, into that common Mistake of fond Wives, who conclude themselves virtuous, because they can refuse a Man they don't like, when they have got one they do.

Ber. True, and therefore I think 'tis a presumptuous Thing in a Woman to assume the Name of Virtuous, if she has heartily hated her Husband, and been soundly in love with somebody else. Whom, if she has withheld, then much good may it do her.

Wor. Well, so much for her Virtue. Now, one Woman of her Inclinations, and every one to their Post. What Opinion do you find she has of me?

Ber. What you cou'd wish; she thinks you handsome and discreet.

Wor. Good, that's thinking half Seas over. One Tide more brings us into Port.

Ber. Perhaps it may, tho' still remember, there's a difficult Bar to pass.

Wor. I know there is, but I don't question I shall pass well over it, by the Help of such a Pilot.

Ber. You may depend upon your Pilot, she'll do what best she can; so weigh Anchor and be gone as soon as you please.

Wor. I'm under Sail already. Adieu. Exit W.

Ber. Bon Voyage.

Sola.

So, here's fine Work. What a Business have I undertaken? I'm a very pretty Gentlewoman truly; but there was no avoiding it: He'd have ruin'd me, if I had refused him. Besides, Faith I begin to fancy there may be as much Pleasure in carrying on another Body's Intrigue, as on my own. This at least is certain, it exercises almost all the entertaining Faculties of a Woman. For there's Employment for Hypocrisy, Invention, Deceit, Flattery, Mischievousness and Lying.

Enter AMANDA, her Woman following her.

Wom. If you please, Madam, only to say, whither you have me buy 'em or not.

Am. Yes, no go fiddle; I care not what you do: But thee leave me.

Wom. I have done. [Exit W.

Ber. What in the Name of Jove's the Matter with you?

Am. The Matter, *Berinthia*, I'm almost mad, I'm agu'd to Death.

Ber. Who is it that plagues you?

Am. Who do you think shou'd plague a Wife, but her husband?

Ber. O ho, is it come to that? We shall have you wish ourself a Widow by and by.

Am. Wou'd I were anything but what I am; a base ungrateful Man, after what I have done for him, to use me thus?

Ber. What, he has been ogling now, I'll warrant you?

Am. Yes, he has been ogling.

Ber. And so you are jealous? Is that all?

Am. That all! Is Jealousy then nothing?

Ber. It shou'd be nothing, if I were in your Cafe.

Am. Why, what wou'd you do?

Ber. I'd cure myself.

Am. How?

Ber. Let blood in the fond Vein: Care as little for my Husband, as he did for me.

Am. That wou'd not stop his Course.

Ber. Nor nothing else, when the Wind's in the warm Corner. Look you, *Amanda*, you may build Castles in the air, and fume, and fret, and grow thin and lean, and pale and ugly, if you please. But I tell you, no Man worth having, is true to his Wife, or can be true to his Wife, or ever was, or ever will be so.

Am. Do you then really think he's false to me? for I did but suspect him.

Ber. Think so? I know he's so.

Am. Is it possible? Pray tell me what you know.

Ber. Don't presf me then to name Names, for that I have sworn I won't do.

Am. Well I won't; but let me know all you can without perjury.

Ber. I'll let you know enough to prevent any wise Woman's dying of the Pipe; and I hope you'll pluck up your Spirits, and shew upon Occasion, you can be as good a Wife as the best of 'em.

Am. Well, what a Woman can do I'll endeavour.

Ber. O, a Woman can do a great deal, if once she sets her Mind to it. Therefore pray don't stand trifling any longer, and teasing yourself with this and that, and your Love and your Virtue, and I know not what. But resolve to hold up your Head, get a Tiptoe, and look over 'em all; for to my certain Knowledge your Husband is a pickering else where.

Am. You are sure on't?

Ber. Positively, he fell in love at the Play.

Am. Right, the very same; do you know the ugly Thing?

Ber. Yes I know her well enough; but she's no such ugly Thing neither.

Am. Is she very handsom?

Ber. Truly I think so.

Am. Hey ho!

Ber. What do you sigh for now?

Am. Oh my Heart.

Ber. (*Aside.*) Only the Pangs of Nature; she's in labor of her Love; Heaven send her a quick Delivery, I'm sur she has a good Midwife.

Am. I'm very ill, I must go to my Chamber Dear Berinthia, don't leave me a Moment.

Ber. No, don't fear. (*Aside.*) I'll see you safe brought to bed, I'll warrant you.

[*Exeunt Amanda leaning upon Berinthia.*

S C E N E, A Country House.

Enter Young FASHION and LORY.

Y.F. So, here's our Inheritance, *Lory*, if we can but get into Possession. But methinks the Seat of our Family looks like *Noah's Ark*, as if the chief Part on't were design'd for the Fowls of the Air, and the Beasts of the Field.

Lo. Pray, Sir, don't let your Head run upon the Orders of building here; get but the Heiress, let the Devil take the House.

Y.F. Get but the House, let the Devil take the Heiress, I say; at least if she be as old *Coupler* describes her. But

come,

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come, we have no Time to squander; knock at the Door.
[*Lory knocks two or three Times.*] What the Devil, have they got no Ears in this House? Knock harder.

Lo. I Gad, Sir, this will prove some enchanted Castle; we shall have the Giant come out by and by with his Club, and beat our Brains out. [*Knocks again.*]

Y. Fash. Hush they come.

From within.] Who is there?

Lo. Open the Door and see: Is that your Country Bree ding?

Within. Ay, but two Words to a Bargain: *Tummas,* is the Blunderbus prim'd?

Y. Fash. Oons, give 'em good Words, *Lory*; we shall be shot here a Fortune catching.

Lo. I gad, Sir, I think y're in the right on't. Ho, Mr. what d'ye call 'um.

Servant appears at the Window with a Blunderbus.] Weall, naw what's yare Busines?

Y. Fash. Nothing, Sir, but to wait upon Sir *Tunbelly*, with your Leave.

Ser. To weat upon Sir *Tunbelly*? Why, you'll find that's just as Sir *Tunbelly* pleases.

Y. Fash. But will you do me the Favour, Sir, to know whether Sir *Tunbelly* pleases or not?

Ser. Why, look you, do you see, with good Words much may be done. *Ralph*, go thy weas, and ask Sir *Tunbelly* if he pleases to be waited upon. And do'ft hear? Call to *Nurse*, that she may lock up *Miss Hoyden* before the Geats open.

Y. Fash. D'ye hear that, *Lory*?

Lo. Ay, Sir, I'm afraid we shall find a difficult Job on't. Pray Heaven that old Rogue *Coupler* han't sent us to fetch Milk out of the Gunroom.

Y. Fash. I'll warrant thee all will go well: See, the Door opens.

Enter Sir TUNBELLY, with his Servants arm'd with Guns, Clubs, Pitchforks, Scythes, &c.

Lo. (Running behind his Master.) O Lord, O Lord, O Lord, we are both dead Men.

Y. Fash. Take heed, Fool, thy Fear will ruin us.

To. My Fear, Sir ; S'death, Sir, I fear nothing.

Aside.] Wou'd I were well up to the Chin in a Horse-Pond.

Sir Tun. Who is it here has any Busines with me ?

Y. Fash. Sir, 'tis I, if your Name be Sir Tunbelly Clumsey.

Sir Tun. Sir, my Name is Sir Tunbelly Clumsey, whether you have any Busines with me or not. So you see am not asharn'd of my Name — nor my Face neither.

Y. Fash. Sir, you have no Cause, that I know of.

Sir Tun. Sir, if you have no Cause neither, I desire to know who you are ; for 'till I know your Name, I shall not ask you to come ipto my House ; and when I know your Name — 'tis six to four I don't ask you neither.

Y. Fash. [Giving him a Letter.] Sir, I hope you'll find this Letter an authentick Paßport.

Sir Tun. God's my Life, I ask your Lordship's Pardon ten thousand times. (To his Servants.) Here, run in doors quickly : Get a Scotch Coal Fire in the great Parlour, set all the Turkey-work Chairs in their Places ; get the great Brabs Candlesticks out, and be sure stick the Socket full of Laurel, run.

Turning to Y. Fash.] My Lord, I ask your Lordship's Pardon.

To other Servants.] And do you hear, run away to Nurse, bid her let Miss Hoyden loose again, and if it was not shitting Day, let her put on a clean Tucker, quick.

[Exeunt Servants confusedly]

To Y. Fash.] I hope your Honour will excuse the Disorder of my Family, we are not us'd to receive Men of your Lordship's great Quality every Day, pray where are your Coaches, and Servants, my Lord ?

Y. Fash. Sir, that I might give you and your fair Daughter a Proof how impatient I am to be nearer a-kin to you, I left my Equipage to follow me, and came away Post with only one Servant.

Sir Tun. Your Lordship does me too much Honour, it was exposing your Person to too much Fatigue and Danger, I protest it was ; but my Daughter shall endeavour to make you what Amends she can ; and tho' I say it, that shou'd not say it — Hoyden has Charms.

Y. Fash. Sir, I am not a Stranger to them, tho' I am to her. Common Fame has done her Justice.

Sir Tim. My Lord, I am Common Fame's very grateful
mble Servant. My Lord— my Girl's young, *Hoyden*
young, my Lord; but this I must say for her, what she
ants in Art, she has by Nature; what she wants in Expe-
ience, she has in Breeding; and what's wanting in her
ge, is made good in her Constitution. So pray, my
ord, walk in; pray, my Lord, walk in,

Y. Fash. Sir, I wait upon you.

[Exeunt.]

Miss HOYDEN sola.

Sure never nobody was us'd as I am. I know well
ough what other Girls do, for all they think to make a
ool of me: It's well I have a Husband a coming, or I cod,
marry the Baker, I wou'd so. Nobody can knock at
the Gate, but presently I must be lockt up; and here's the
ung Greyhound Bitch can run loose about the House all
Day long, she can; 'tis very well.

Nurse without, opening the Door.

Miss Hoyden, Miss, Miss, Miss; Miss Hoyden.

Enter Nurse.

Miss. Well, what do you make such a Noise for, ha?
hat do you din a-body's Ears for? Can't one be at quiet
you?

Nurse. What do I din your Ears for? Here's one come
ll din your Ears for you.

Miss. What care I who's come; I care not a Fig who
me, nor who goes, as long as I must be lockt up like the
-Cellar.

Nurse. That, Miss, is for fear you shou'd be drank be-
e you are ripe.

Miss. O, don't you trouble your Head about that; I'm
ripe as you, tho' not so mellow.

Nurse. Very well; now have I a good mind to lock you
again, and not let you see my Lord to-night.

Miss. My Lord! Why is my Husband come?

Nurse. Yes marry is he, and a goodly Person too.

Miss. (Hugging Nurse.) O my dear Nurse, forgive me
s once, and I'll never misuse you again; no, if I do, you
ll give me three Thumps on the Back, and a great Pinch
the Cheek.

Nurse. Ah, the poor Thing, see how it melts; it's as
of good-Nature, as an Egg's full of Meat. Miss,

Mis. But, my dear Nurse, don't lie now ; is he come by your troth.

Nurse. Yes, by my truly, is he.

Mis. O Lord ! I'll go put on my lac'd Smock, tho' I whipt till the Blood run down my Heels for't.

Nurse. Eh — the Lord succour thee, how thou art delighted ? [Exit running after her]

Enter Sir TUNBELLY, and young FASHION. A Servant with Wine,

Sir Tun. My Lord, I am proud of the Honour to have your Lordship within my Doors ; and I humbly crave Leave to bid you welcome in a Cup of Sack Wine.

Y. Fash. Sir, to your Daughter's Health. [Drinking]

Sir Tun. Ah, poor Girl, she'll be scar'd out of her Wit on her Wedding-Night ; for, honestly speaking, she doth not know a Man from a Woman, but by his Beard, and his Britches.

Y. Fash. Sir, I don't doubt but she has a virtuous Education, which with the rest of her Merit, makes me long to see her mine. I wish you wou'd dispence with the canonical Hour, and let it be this very Night.

Sir Tun. O not so soon neither ; that's shooting my Girl before you bid her stand. No, give her fair Warning ; we'll sign and seal to-night, if you please ; and this Day seven-night — let the Jade look to her Quarters.

Y. Fash. This Day seven-night — Why, what do you take me for a Ghost, Sir ?

'Slife, Sir, I'm made of Flesh and Blood, and Bones and Sinews, and can no more live a Week without your Daughter — than I can live a Month with her. [Aside]

Sir Tun. Oh, I'll warrant you, my Hero, young Men are hot I know, but they don't boil over at that rate, neither ; besides my Wench's Wedding Gown is not come home yet.

Y. Fash. O no Matter, Sir, I'll take her in her Shift. *Aside.]* A Pox on this old Fellow, he'll delay the Business 'till my damn'd Star finds me out, and discovers me.

To Sir Tun.] Pray, Sir, let it be done without Ceremony, 'twill save Money.

Sir Tun. Mony— Save Mony when Hoyden's to be married? Udswoons, I'll give my Wench a Wedding-Dinner, tho' I go to grafs with the King of *Affyria* for't; and such a Dinner it shall be, as is not to be cook'd in the poaching of an Egg. Therefore, my noble Lord, have a little Patience, we'll go and look over our Deeds and Settlements immediately; and as for your Bride, tho' you may be sharp set before she's quite ready, I'll engage for my Girl, she stays your Stomach at last.

[*Exeunt.*



A C T IV.

Enter Miss HOYDEN and Nurse.

Nurse. **W**ELL, Miss, how do you like your Husband that is to be?

Miss. O Lord, Nurse, I'm so overjoy'd, I can scarce contain myself.

Nurse. O but you must have a care of being too fond, for Men now-a-days hate a Woman that loves 'em.

Miss. Love him! Why do you think I love him, Nurse? I cod, I wou'd not care if he were hang'd, so I were but once married to him— No— that which pleases me, is to think what Work I'll make when I get to *London*; for when I am a Wife and a Lady both, Nurse, I cod, I'll flant it with the best of 'em.

Nurse. Look, look, if his Honour be not coming again to you; now if I were sure you wou'd behave yourself handsomly, and not disgrace me that have brought you up, I'd leave you alone together.

Miss. That's my best Nurse, do as you wou'd be done by; trust us together this once; and if I don't shew my Breeding from the Head to the Foot of me, may I be twice married, and die a Maid.

Nurse. Well this once I'll venture you; but if you disparage me—

Miss.

Miss. Never fear, I'll shew him my Parts, I'll warrant him.

[*Exit Nurse.*]

Sola. These old Women are so wise when they get a poor young Girl in their Clutches; but e'er it be long, I shall know what's what, as well as the best of 'em.

Enter young FASHION.

Y. Fash. Your Servant, Madam, I'm glad to find you alone, for I have something of Importance to speak to you about.

Miss. Sir, (my Lord, I meant) you may speak to me about what you please, I shall give you a civil Answer.

Y. Fash. You give me so obliging a one, it encourages me to tell you in few Words, what I think both for your Interest, and mine. Your Father, I suppose you know, has resolv'd to make me happy in being your Husband, and I hope I may depend upon your Consent, to perform what he desires.

Miss. Sir, I never disobey my Father in anything but eating of green Goosberries.

Y. Fash. So good a Daughter must needs be an admirable Wife; I am therefore impatient 'till you are mine; and hope you will so far consider the Violence of my Love, that you won't have the Cruelty to defer my Happiness so long as your Father designs it.

Miss. Pray, my Lord, how long is that?

Y. Fash. Madam, a thousand Year—a whole Week.

Miss. A Week—why I shall be an old Woman by that Time.

Y. Fash. And I an old Man, which you'll find a greater Misfortune than t'other.

Miss. Why I thought 'twas to be to-morrow Morning, as soon as I was up; I'm sure Nurse told me so.

Y. Fash. And it shall be to-morrow Morning still, if you'll consent?

Miss. If I'll consent? Why I thought I was to obey you as my Husband.

Y. Fash. That's when we are married; 'till then, I am to obey you.

Miss. Why then if we are to take it by turns, it's the same thing; I'll obey you now, and when we are married, you shall obey me.

Y. Fash.

Y. Fash. With all my Heart, but I doubt we must get Nurse on our side, or we shall hardly prevail with the Chaplain.

Miss. No more we shan't indeed; for he loves her better than he loves his Pulpit, and wou'd always be a preaching to her by his good Will.

Y. Fash. Why then my dear little Bedfellow, if you'll call her hither, we'll try to persuade her presently.

Miss. O Lord, I can tell you a Way how to persuade her to anything.

Y. Fash. How's that?

Miss. Why tell her she's a wholsom comely Woman— and give her half a Crown.

Y. Fash. Nay, if that will do, she shall have half a score of 'em.

Miss. O Gemini, for half that, she'd marry you herself: I'll run and call her.

[*Exit Miss.*]

Young FASHION solus.

So, Matters go swimmingly, this is a rare Girl, I faith; I shall have a fine Time on't with her at *London*. I'm much mistaken, if she don't prove a *March Hare* all the Year round. What a scampering Chase will she make on't, when she finds the whole Kennel of Beaux at her Tail! Hey, to the Park, and the Play, and the Church, and the Devil; she'll shew 'em Sport, I'll warrant 'em. But no Matter she brings an Estate will afford me a separate Maintenance.

Enter Miss and Nurse.

Y. Fash. How do you do, good Mistress Nurse; I de- fir'd your young Lady would give me leave to see you, that I might thank you for your extraordinary Care and Con- duct in her Education; pray accept of this small Acknow- ledgment for it at present, and depend upon my farther Kindness, when I shall be that happy Thing her Husband.

Nurse. (*Aside.*) Gold by mackings! Your Honour's Goodness is too great; alafs, all I can boast of is, I gave her pure good Milk; and so your Honour wou'd have said, an you had seen how the poor Thing suckt it— Eh, God's Blessing on the sweet Face on't; how it us'd to hang at this poor Tett, and fuck and squeeze, and kick and sprawl it wou'd, 'till the Belly on't was so full, it wou'd drop off like a Leech.

Miss

Miss to Nurse, taking her angrily aside.] Pray one Word with you. Prithee, Nurse, don't stand ripping up old Stories, to make one ashamed before one's Love; do you think such a fine proper Gentleman as he, cares for a fiddle-com Tale of a draggle-tail'd Girl; if you have a mind to make him have a good Opinion of a Woman; don't tell him what one did then, tell him what one can do now.

To Y. Fash.] I hope your Honour will excuse my Miss manners to whisper before you, it was only to give some Orders about the Family.

Y. Fash. O everything, Madam, is to give way to Business; besides, good Housewifry is a very commendable Quality in a young Lady.

Miss. Pray, Sir, are the young Ladies good Housewives at London Town? Do they darn their own Linen?

Y. Fash. Ono, they study how to spend Mony, not to save it.

Miss. I cod, I don't know but that may be better Sport than t'other; ha, Nurse?

Y. Fash. Well, you shall have your Choice when you come there.

Miss. Shall I— then, by my troth, I'll get there as fast as I can.

To Nurse.] His Honour desires you'll be so kind, as to let us be married to-morrow.

Nurse. To-morrow, my dear Madam?

Y. Fash. Yes, to-morrow, sweet Nurse, privately young Folks you know are impatient, and Sir Tunbelly wou'd make us stay a Week for a Wedding-Dinner. Now all Things being sign'd, and seal'd, and agreed, I fancy there could be no great Harm in practising a Scene or two of Matrimony in private, if it were only to give us the better Assurance when we come to play it in publick.

Nurse. Nay, I must confess, stol'n Pleasures are sweet; but if you shou'd be married now, what will you do when Sir Tunbelly calls for you to be wed?

Miss. Why then we'll be married again.

Nurse. What, twice, my Child?

Miss. I cod, I don't care how often I'm married, not I.

Y. Fash. Pray, Nurse, don't you be against your young

Lady's

Wordy's Good, for by this Means she'll have the Pleasure of
old two Wedding Days.

Mis to Nurse softly.) And of two Wedding Nighs too,
Nurſe.

*Well, I'm such a tender hearted Fool, I find I
can refuse nothing; so you shall e'en follow your own in-
tentions.*

Mis. Shall I?—

(Aside.) O Lord, I could leap over the Moon.

*Y. Fash. Dear Nurſe, this Goodnes of your's shan't go
unrewarded; but now you must implore your Power with
Mr. Bull the Chaplain, that he may do us his friendly
office too, and then we shall all be happy; do you think
you can prevail with him?*

*Nurſe. Prevail with him— or he shall never prevail
with me, I can tell him that.*

*Mis. My Lord, she has had him upon the Hip this seven
years.*

*Y. Fash. I'm glad to hear it; however, to strengthen
our Interest with him, you may let him know I have se-
veral fat Livings in my Gift, and that the first that falls
will be in your Disposal.*

*Nurſe. Nay then I'll make him marry more Folks than
one, I'll promise him.*

*Mis. Faith do Nurſe, make him marry you too, I'm
sure he'll do't for a fat Living; for he loves eating, more
than he loves his Bible; and I have often heard him say, a
Living was the best Meat in the World.*

*Nurſe. Ay, and I'll make him commend the Sauce too;
I'll bring his Gown to a Cassock, I will so.*

*Y. Fash. Well Nurſe, whilst you go and settle Matters
with him, then your Lady and I will go and take a Walk
in the Garden.*

*Nurſe. I'll do your Honour's Business in the catching up
of a Garter.* [Exit Nurſe.]

*Y. Fash. (Giving her his Hand.) Come, Madam, dare you
venture yourself alone with me?*

*Mis. O dear, yes, Sir, I don't think you'll do any thing
me I need be afraid on.* [Exeunt.]

Enter AMANDA, and BERINTHIA.

A SONG.

I.

I Smile at Love, and all its Arts,
The charming Cynthia cry'd.
Take heed, for Love has piercing Darts;
A wounded Swain reply'd:
Once free and blest as you are now,
I trifl'd with his Charms,
I pointed at his little Bow,
And sported with his Arms:
Till urg'd too far, Revenge he crys,
A fatal Shaft he drew;
It took its Passage thro' your Eyes,
And to my Heart it flew.

II.

To tear it thence I try'd in vain,
To strive, I quickly found.
Was only to encrease the Pain.
And to enlarge the Wound.
Ah ! much too well I fear you know
What Pain I'm to endure,
Since what your Eyes alone could do,
Your Heart alone can cure.
And that (grant Heaven I may mistake)
I doubt is doom'd to bear
A Burthen for another's Sake,
Who ill rewards its Care.

Am. Well, now Berinthia, I'm at leisure to hear what
twas you had to say to me.

Ber. What I had to say, was only to echo the Sighs
Groans of a dying Lover.

Am. Phu, will you never learn to talk in earnest of
thing?

Ber. Why this shall be in earnest, if you please: For
part, I only tell you Matter of Fact, you may take it which
Way you like best; but if you'll follow the Women of

To

Town, you'll take it both ways; for when a Man offers himself to one of them, first she takes him in Jest, and then she takes him in Earnest.

Am. I'm sure there's so much Jest and Earnest in what you say to me, I scarce know how to take it; but I think you have bewitched me, for I don't find it possible to be angry with you, say what you will.

Ber. I'm very glad to hear it; for I have no Mind to quarrel with you, for more Reasons than I'll brag of; but quarrel or not, smile or frown, I must tell you what I have suffer'd upon your Account.

Am. Upon my Account!

Ber. Yes, upon your's; I have been forc'd to sit still, and hear you commended for two Hours together, without one Compliment to myself: Now don't you think a Woman had a blessed Time of that?

Am. Alas! I shou'd have been unconcern'd at it; I never knew where the Pleasure lay of being prais'd by the men; but pray who was this that commended me so?

Ber. One you have a mortal Aversion to; Mr. *Worthy*; he us'd you like a Text, he took you all to pieces, but spoke learnedly upon every Point, one might see the Spirit of the Church was in him. If you are a Woman, you'd have been in an Extasy to have heard how feelingly he handled your Hair, your Eyes, your Nose, your Mouth, your Teeth, your Tongue, your Chin, your Neck, and so forth. Thus he preach'd for an Hour, but when he came to use an Application, he observ'd that all these, without a Gallant, were nothing— Now consider of what has been said, and Heaven give you Grace to put it in Practice.

Am. Alas! *Berinthia*, did I incline to a Gallant, (which you know I do not) do you think a Man so nice as he, shou'd have the least Concern for such a plain unpolisht thing as I am? It is impossible!

Ber. Now have you a great mind to put me upon commanding you.

Am. Indeed that was not my Design.

Ber. Nay, if it were, its all one, for I won't do't, I'll leave that to your Looking-glais, to shew you I have some good-Nature left, I'll commend him, and may be that may do as well.

Am. You have a great mind to perswade me I am in love with him.

Ber. I have a great mind to perswade you, you don't know what you are in love with.

Am. I am sure I am not in love with him, nor ever shall be, so let that pass; but you were saying something you wou'd commend him for.

Ber. O you'd be glad to hear a good Character of him however.

Am. Pfsha.

Ber. Pfsha.— Well 't is a foolish Undertaking for Women in these Kind of Matters, to pretend to deceive one another.— Have not I been bred a Woman as well as you?

Am. What then?

Ber. Why then I understand my Trade so well, that whenever I am told of a Man I like, I cry, Pfsha: But that I may spare you the Pains of putting me a second Time in mind to commend him, I'll proceed, and give you the Account of him: That though 't is possible he may have had Women with as good Faces as your Ladyship's (Discredit to it neither) yet you must know your caution Behaviour, with that Reserve in your Humour, has given him his Death's Wound; he mortally hates a Coquet; he says 't is impossible to love where we cannot esteem; and that no Woman can be esteem'd by a Man who has seen if she makes herself cheap in the Eye of a Fool. The Pride to a Woman, is as necessary as Humility to a Devil; and that far fetch'd, and dear bought, is Meat for Gentlemen, as well as for Ladies.— In short, that every Woman who has Beauty, may set a Price upon herself, and that under-selling the Market, they ruin the Trade. This is my Doctrine, how do you like it?

Am. So well, that since I never intend to have a Gallant for myself, if I were to recommend one to a Friend, shou'd be the Man.

Enter WORTHY.

Bless me! he's here; pray Heaven he did not hear me.

Ber. If he did, it won't hurt your Reputation; your Thoughts are as safe in his Heart, as in your own.

Wor. I venture in at an unseasonable Time of Night.

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adies; I hope if I'm troublesom, you'll use the same freedom in turning me out again.

Am. I believe it can't be late, for Mr. *Loveless* is not come home yet, and he usually keeps good Hours.

Wor. Madam, I'm afraid he'll transgress a little to-night; for he told me about half an Hour ago, he was going to sup with some Company, he doubted would keep him out till three or four a-Clock in the Morning, and desir'd I wou'd let my Servant acquaint you with it, that you might not suspect him; but my Fellow's a Blunder-head; so lest he shou'd make some Mistake, I thought it my Duty to deliver the Message myself.

Am. I'm very sorry he shou'd give you that Trouble, r. But—

Ber. But since he has, will you give me leave, Madam, to keep him to play at Ombre with us?

Am. Cousin, you know you command my House.

Wor. to Ber.] And, Madam, you know you command me, tho' I'm a very wretched Gamester.

Ber. O you play well enough to lose your Mony, and that's all the Ladies require; so without any more Ceremony, let us go into the next Room, and call for the Cards.

Am. With all my Heart. [Exit. *Wor.* leading *Amanda*.

Ber. sola.] Well, how this Business, will end, Heaven knows; but she seems to me to be in as fair a way—as a boy isto be a Rogue, when he's put Clerk to an Attorney.

[Exit *Berinthia*.]

SCENE, *Berinthia's Chamber.*

Enter LOVELESS cautiously in the Dark.

Love. So, thus far all's well. I'm got into her Bed-chamber, and I think nobody has perceiv'd me steal into the House; my Wife don't expect me home till four a-clock; so if *Berinthia* comes to-bed by eleven, I shall have Chase of five Hours. Let me see, where shall I hide myself? under her Bed? No; we shall have her Maid searching there for something or other; her Closet's a better place, and I have a Master-key will open it; I'll e'en in

there, and attack her just when she comes to her Prayers, that's the most like to prove her critical Minute, for then the Devil will be there to assist me.

[He opens the Closet, goes in, and shuts the Door after him.]

Enter BERINTHIA with a Candle in her Hand.

Ber. Well, sure I am the best natur'd Woman in the World; I that love Cards so well (there is but one Thing upon Earth I love better) have pretended Letters to write to give my Friends a Tate, a Tate; however, I'm innocent, for Picquet is the Game I set 'em to; at her own Peril be it, if she ventures to play with him at any other. But now what shall I do with myself? I don't know how in the World to pass my Time; wou'd Loveless were here to badiner a little; well, he's a charming Fellow, I don't wonder his Wife's so fond of him; what if I shou'd sit down and think of him 'till I fall asleep, and dream of the Lord knows what? O but then if I shou'd dream we were married, I shou'd be frightened out of my Wits. (Seeing Book.) What's this Book? I think I had best go read. O splenetick! It's a Sermon; well, I'll go into my Closet, and read the Plotting Sisters.

[She opens the Closet, sees Loveless, and shrieks out.]

O Lord, a Ghost, a Ghost, a Ghost, a Ghost.

Enter LOVELESS running to her.

Love. Peace, my Dear; it's no Ghost, take it in your Arms, you'll find 'tis worth a hundred of 'em.

Ber. Run in again, here's somebody coming.

Enter Maid.

Maid. O Lord, Madam, what's the Matter?

Ber. O Heav'ns! I'm almost frightened out of my Wits; I thought verily I had seen a Ghost, and 'twas nothing but the white Curtain, with a black Hood pinn'd up against it. You may be gone again, I am the fearfulest Fool.

Exit Maid. Re-enter LOVELESS.

Love. Is the Coast clear?

Ber. The Coast clear! I suppose you are clear, you'd never play such a Trick as this else.

Love. I'm very well pleas'd with my Trick thus far, and shall be so 'till I have play'd it out, if it be nt your Fault where's my Wife?

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Ber. At Cards.

Love. With whom?

Ber. With Worthy.

Love. Then we are safe enough.

Ber. Are you so? Some Husbands wou'd be of another Mind, if he were at Cards at their Wives.

Love. And they'd be in the right on't too: But I dare trust mine— Besides, I know he's in love in another Place, and he's not one of those who court half a dozen at a time.

Ber. Nay, the Truth on't is, you'd pity him if you saw how uneasy he is at being engag'd with us; but 'twas my Malice, I fancy'd he was to meet his Mistress somewhere else, so did it to have the Pleasure of seeing him fret.

Love. What says *Amanda* to my staying abroad so late?

Ber. Why she's as much out of Humour as he; I believe they wish one another at the Devil.

Love. Then I'm afraid they'll quarrel at Play, and soon throw up the Cards; [Offering to pull her into the Closet. Therefore, my dear charming Angel, let us make good use of our Time.

Ber. Heavens, what do you mean?

Love. Pray, what do you think I mean?

Ber. I don't know.

Love. I'll shew you.

Ber. You may as well tell me.

Love. No, that wou'd make you blush worse than other.

Ber. Why, do you intend to make me blush?

Love. Faith, I can't tell that; but if I do, it shall be in the Dark. [Pulling her.

Ber. O Heavens! I wou'd not be in the Dark with you or all the World.

Love. I'll try that.

[Puts out the Candles.

Ber. O Lord! Are you mad? What shall I do for Light?

Love. You'll do as well without it.

Ber. Why, one can't find a Chair to sit down?

Love. Come into the Closet, Madam, there's Moonshine upon the Couch.

Ber. Nay, never pull, for I will not go.

Love. Then you must be carryed. [Carrying her]
Ber. Help, help, I'm ravish'd, ruin'd, undone. O Lord
 I shall never be able to bear it. [Very softly]

SCENE, *Sir Tunbelly's House.*

Enter Miss Hoyden, Nurse, Y. FASHION, and BULL.
Y. Fash. This quick Dispatch of your's, Mr. Bull, I
 take so kindly, it shall give you a Claim to my Favours
 long as I live, I do assure you.

Miss. And to mine too, I promise you.

Bull. I most humbly thank your Honours; and, I hope,
 since it has been my Lot to join you in the holy Bands of
 Wedlock, you will so well cultivate the Soil, which I have
 crav'd a Blessing on, that your Children may swarm about
 you, like Bees about a Hony-Comb.

Miss. I cod, with all my Heart, the more the merrie
 I say; ha, Nurse?

Enter LORY, taking his Master hastily aside.

Lo. One Word with you, for Heaven's Sake.

Y. Fash. What the Devil's the Matter?

Lo. Sir, your Fortune's ruin'd; and I don't think your
 Life's worth a quarter of an Hour's Purchase: Yonder
 your Brother arriv'd with two Coaches and six Horses,
 twenty Footmen and Pages, a Coat worth fourscore Pound
 and a Periwig down to his Knees; so judge what will be
 come of your Lady's Heart.

Y. Fash. Death and Furies, 'tis impossible!

Lo. Fiends and Spectres, Sir, 'tis true.

Y. Fash. Is he in the House yet?

Lo. No, they are capitulating with him at the Gate; the
 Porter tells him, he's come to run away with Miss Hoyden
 and has cock'd the Blunderbuss at him; your Brother
 swears Gad damme, they are a Parcel of Clowns, and he
 had a good mind to break off the Match; but they have
 given the Word for Sir Tunbelly, so I doubt all will come
 out presently. Pray, Sir, resolve what you'll do this Mo-
 ment, for, I gad, they'll maul you.

Y. Fash. Stay a little. (To *Miss.*) My Dear, here's
 trouble som Business my Man tells me of, but don't be fright-

ca'd, we shall be too hard for the Rogue. Here's an impudent Fellow at the Gate (not knowing I was come hither *incognito*) has taken my Name upon him, in hopes to run away with you.

Miss. O the brazen fac'd Varlet, it's well we are married, or may be we might never have been so.

Y. Fash. (*Aside.*) I gad, like enough : Prithee, dear Doctor, run to Sir *Tunbelly*, and stop him from going to the Gate, before I speak with him.

Bull. I fly, my good Lord—

[*Exit Bull.*]

Nurse. An't please your Honour, my Lady and I had best lock ourselves up 'till the Danger be over.

Y. Fash. Ay, by all means.

Miss. Not so fast, I won't be lock'd up any more : I'm marry'd.

Y. Fash. Yes, pray my Dear do, 'till we have seiz'd this Rascal.

Miss. Nay, if you pray me, I'll do anything.

[*Exeunt Miss and Nurse.*]

Y. Fash. O ! Here's Sir *Tunbelly* coming. (*To Lo.*) Hark you, Sirrah, Things are better than you imagin ; the Wedding's over.

Lo. The Devil it is, Sir ?

Y. Fash. Not a Word ; all's safe : But Sir *Tunbelly* don't know it, nor must not yet ; so I am resolv'd to brazen the Busnels out, and have the Pleasure of turning the Impostor upon his Lordship, which I believe may easily be done.

Enter Sir TUNBELLY, Chaplain, and Servants arm'd.

Y. Fash. Did you ever hear, Sir, of so impudent an Undertaking ?

Sir Tun. Never, by the Mass, but we'll tickle him, I'll warrant him.

Y. Fash. They tell me, Sir, he has a great many People with him disgui'sd like Servants.

Sir Tun. Ay, ay, Rogue, enough ; but I'll soon raise the Posse upon 'em.

Y. Fash. Sir, if you'll take my Advice, we'll go a shorter way to work ; I find whoever this Spark is, he knows nothing of my being privately here ; so if you pretend to receive him civilly, he'll enter without Suspicion ; and as

soon as he is within the Gate, we'll whip up the Draw-Bridge upon his Back, let fly the Blunderbuss to disperse his Crew, and so commit him to Goal.

Sir Tun. I gad, your Lordship is an ingenious Person, and a very great General; but shall we kill any of 'em or not?

Y. Fash. No, no, fire over their Heads only to fright 'em; I'll warrant the Regiment scours when the Colonel's a Prisoner.

Sir Tun. Then come along, my Boys, and let your Courage be great — for your Danger is but small. [Exeunt,

S C E N E, The Gate.

Enter Lord FOPPINGTON and Followers.

L. Fop. A Pax of these bumpkinly People; will they open the Gate, or do they desire I should grow at their Moat-side like a Willow? (To the Porter.) Hey, Fellow — Prithee do me the Favour, in as few Words as thou canst find to express thyself, to tell me whether thy Master will admit me or not, that I may turn about my Coach and be gone.

Por. Here's my Master himself now at hand; he's of Age, he'll give you his Answer.

Enter Sir TUNBELLY, and his Servants.

Sir Tun. My most noble Lord, I crave your Pardon for making your Honour wait so long; but my Orders to my Servants have been to admit nobody, without my Knowledge; for Fear of some Attempts upon my Daughter, the Times being full of Plots and Roguery.

L. Fop. Much Caution, I must confess is a Sign of great Wisdom: But, ifap my Vitals, I have got a Cold enough to destroy a Porter — He, him —

Sir Tun. I am very sorry for't, indeed, my Lord; but if your Lordship please to walk in, we'll help you to some brown Sugar Candy. My Lord, I'll shew you the Way.

L. Fop. Sir, I follow you with Pleasure. [Exeunt.

[As Lord Foppington's Servants go to follow him in, they clap the Door against La Verrole.

Servants. (Within.) Nay, hold you me there, Sir.

La Ver. Fernie, qu'est ce que vent dire ca?

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Sir Tun. (Within.) — Fire, Porter.

Por. (Fires.) — Have among ye, my Masters.

LaVer. Ah je suis mort — [The Servants all run off.

Por. Not one Soldier left, by the Mass.

S C E N E changes into a Hall.

Enter Sir TUNBELLY, the Chaplain, and Servants, with
Lord FOPPINGTON disarm'd.

Sir Tun. Come, bring him along, bring him along.

L. Fop. What the Pax do you mean, Gentlemen; is it
Fair-time, that you are all drunk before Dinner?

Sir Tun. Drunk, Sirrah? Here's an impudent Rogue for
you; drunk or sober, Bully, I'm a Justice of the Peace,
and know how to deal with Strolers.

L. Fop. Strolers!

Sir Tun. Ay, Strolers, come, give an Account of your-
self; what's your Name, where do you live? Do you pay
Scot and Lot? Are you a Williamite, or a Jacobite?
Come.

L. Fop. And why dost thou ask me so many impertinent
Questions?

Sir Tun. Because I'll make you answer 'em before I have
done with you, you Rascal you.

L. Fop. Before Gad, all the Answer I can make thee to
em, is, that thou art a very extraordinary old Fellow, stap
my Vitals —

Sir Tun. Nay, if you are for joaking with Deputy Lieu-
tenants, we'st know how to deal with you: Here, draw
a Warrant for him immediately.

L. Fop. A Warrant — what the Devil is't thou would'st
be at, old Gentleman?

Sir Tun. I wou'd be at you, Sirrah, (if my Hands were
not ty'd as a Magistrate) and with these two double Fists,
beat your Teeth down your Throat, you Dog you.

L. Fop. And why would'st thou spoil my Face at that
rate?

Sir Tun. For your Design to rob me of my Daughter,
Villain.

L. Fop. Rab thee of thy Daughter — Now I do begin
to

to believe I am a-bed and asleep, and that all this is but a Dream— If it be, 'twill be an agreeable Surprise enough, to waken by and by ; and instead of the impertinent Company of a nasty Country Justice, find myself, perhaps in the Arms of a Woman of Quality— (To Sir Tun.) Prithee, old Father, wilt thou give me leave to ask thee one Question ?

Sir Tun. I can't tell whether I will or not, 'till I know what it is.

L. Fop. Why, then it is, whether thou did'st not write to my Lord Foppington to come down and marry thy Daughter ?

Sir Tun. Yes, marry did I ; and my Lord Foppington is come down, and shall marry my Daughter before she's a Day older.

L. Fop. Now give me thy Hand, dear Dad, I thought we should understand one another at last.

Sir Tun. This Fellow's mad— here, bind him Hand and Foot. [They bind him down.]

L. Fop. Nay, prithee, Knight, leave fooling, thy Jet begins to grow dull.

Sir Tun. Bind him, I say, he's mad— Bread and Water, a dark Room and a Whip may bring him to his Senses again.

L. Fop. (Aside,) I gad, if I don't waken quickly, by all I can see, this is like to prove one of the most impertinent Dreams that ever I dreamt in my Life.

Enter Miss and Nurse. [Miss going up to him.]

Miss. Is this he that wou'd have run away with me? Fough, how he stinks of Sweets! Pray, Father, let him be dragg'd through the Horse-Pond.

L. Fop. (Aside.) This must be my Wife by her natural Inclination to her Husband.

Miss. Pray, Father, what do you intend to do with him? hang him?

Sir Tun. That, atleast, Child.

Nurse. Ay, and it's e'en too good for him too.

L. Fop. (Aside.) Madam la Gouvernante, I presume; hitherto this appears to me, to be one of the most extraordinary Families that ever Man of Quality match'd into.

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Sir Tun. What's become of my Lord, Daughter?

Miss. He's just coming, Sir.

L. Fop. (*Aside.*) My Lord—What does he mean by that now?

Enter young FASHION and LORY.

Seeing him.] Stap my Vitals, Tam! Now the Dream's out.

Y. Fash. Is this the Fellow, Sir, that design'd to trick me of your Daughter?

Sir Tun. This is he, my Lord, how do you like him? Is not he a pretty Fellow to get a Fortune?

Y. Fash. I find by his Drefs, he thought your Daughter might be taken with a Beau.

Miss. O gemini; Is this a Beau? Let me see him again—Ha! I find a Beau's no such ugly Thing neither.

Y. Fash. I gad, she'll be in love with him presently; I'll e'en have him sent away to Goal.

To L. Fop.] Sir, tho' your Undertaking shews you are a Person of no extraordinary Modesty, I suppose you han't Confidence enough to expect much Favour from me?

L. Fop. Strike me dumb, Tam, thou art a very impudent Fellow.

Nurse. Look if the Varlet has not the Frontery to call his Lordship plain Thomas.

Bull. The Busines is, he would feign himself mad, to ayoid going to Goal.

L. Fop. (*Aside.*) That must be the Chaplain, by his unfolding of Mysteries.

Sir Tun. Come, is the Warrant writ?

Cler. Yes, Sir.

Sir Tun. Give me the Pen, I'll sign it—So, now Constable away with him.

L. Fop. Hold one Moment—Pray, Gentlemen; my Lord Foppington, shall I beg one Word with your Lordship?

Nurse. O ho, it's my Lord with him now; see how Afflictions will humble Folks.

Miss. Pray, my Lord, don't let him whisper too close, lest he bite your Ear off.

L. Fop. I am not altogether so hungry, as your Ladyship is pleas'd to imagin.

To Y.F.) Look you, *Tam*, I am sensible I have not been so kind to you as I ought, but I hope you'll forget what's past, and accept of the five thousand Pounds I offer; thou mayst live in extream splendor with it; stap my Vitals.

Y.F. It's a much easier matter to prevent a Disease than to cure it; a quarter of that Sum would have secur'd your Mistress; twice as much won't redeem her. (*Leaving him.*)

Sir Tun. Well, what says he?

Y.F. Only the Rascal offer'd me a Bribe to let him go.

Sir Tun. Ay, he shall go with a Pox to him: Lead on, Constable.

L.Fop. One Word more and I have done.

Sir Tun. Before Gad, thou art an impudent Fellow, to trouble the Court at this Rate, after thou are condemned; but speak once for all.

L.Fop. Why then once for all; I have at last luckily call'd to mind, that there is a Gentleman of this Country, who I believe cannot live far from this Place; if he were here he would satisfy you, I am *Naveley*, Baron of *Foppington*, with five thousand Pounds a Year, and that Fellow there a Rascal, not worth a groat.

Sir Tun. Very well; now who is this honest Gentleman you are so well acquainted with? (*To Y.F.*) Come, Sir, we shall hamper him.

L.Fop. 'Tis Sir *John Friendly*.

Sir Tun. So, he lives within half a Mile, and came down into the Country but last Night; this bold fac'd Fellow thought he had been at *London* still, and so quoted him; now we shall display him in his Colours: I'll send for Sir *John* immediately: Here, Fellow, away presently, and desire my Neighbour he'll do me the Favour to step over, upon an extraordinary Occasion; and in the mean while you had best secure this Sharper in the *Gate-House*.

Const. An't please your Worship, he may chance to give us the Slip thence: If I were worthy to advise, I think the Dog-kennel's a surer Place.

Sir Tun. With all my Heart, any where.

L.Fop. Nay for Heaven's Sake, Sir, do me the Favour to put me in a clean Room, that I mayn't daub my Cloaths.

Sir Tun.

Sir Tun. O when you have married my Daughter, her Estate will afford you new ones: Away with him.

L. Fop. A dirty Country Justice, is a barbarous Magistrate; stap my Vitals—

[Exit Constable with Lord Foppington.]

Y. F. *Aside.*) I gad, I must prevent this Knight's coming, or the Houſe will grow ſoon too hot to hold me.

To Sir Tun.) Sir, I fancy 'tis not worth while to trouble Sir John upon this impertinent Fellow's Desire: I'll ſend and call the Meſſenger back—

Sir Tun. Nay, with all my Heart; for to be ſure he thought he was far enough off, or the Rogue wou'd never have nam'd him.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir; I met Sir John just lighting at the Gate he's come to wait upon you.

Sir Tun. Nay then it happens as one cou'd wish.

Y. F. *aside.*) The Devil it does: Lory, you ſee how Things are, here will be a Discovery preſently, and we ſhall have our Brains beat out; for my Brother will be ſure to ſwear he don't know me; therefore run into the Stable, take the two firſt Horses you can light on, I'll ſlip out at the Back-Door, and we'll away immeadiately.

Lo. What, and leave your Lady, Sir?

Y. F. There's no Danger in that, as long as I have taken Possession, I ſhall know how to treat with 'em well enough, if once I am out of their Reach: Away, I'll ſteal after thee.

[Exit Lory, his Master follows him out at one Door, as Sir John enters at t'other.]

Enter Sir JOHN.

Sir Tun. Sir John, you are the welcom'ſt Man alive; I had just ſent a Meſſenger to deſire you'd ſtep over, upon a very extraordinary Occaſion— we are all in Arms here.

Sir John. How ſo?

Sir Tun. Why you muſt know— a finical Sort of a tawdry Fellow here (I don't know who the Devil he is, not I) hearing, ſuppoſe, that the Match was concluded between my Lord Foppington, and my Girl Hoyden, comes impudently to the Gate, with a whole Pack of Rogues in Liveries, and wou'd have paſt upon me for his Lordship:

But

But what does I? I comes up to him boldly at the Head of his Guards, takes him by the Throat, strikes up his Heels, binds him Hand and Foot, dispatches a Warrant, and commits him Prisoner to the Dog-kennel.

Sir *Jo.* So, but how do you know but this was my Lord? for I was told he set out from *London* the Day before me, with a very fine Retinue, and intended to come directly hither.

Sir *Tun.* Why now to shew you how many Lies People raise in that damn'd Town, he came two Nights ago Post, with only one Servant, and is now in the House with me; but you don't know the Cream of the Jest yet; this fame Rogue (that lies yonder Neck and Heels among the Hounds) thinking you were out of the Country, quotes you for his Acquaintance, and said, if you were here you'd justify him to be Lord *Foppington*, and I know not what.

Sir *Jo.* Pray will you let me see him?

Sir *Tun.* Ay, that you shall presently — here, fetch the Prisoner. [Exit Servant.]

Sir *Jo.* I wish there ben't some Mistake in the Busines, where's my Lord? I know him very well.

Sir *Tun.* He was here just now; fee for him, Doctor, tell him Sir *John* is here to wait upon him. [Exit Chaplain.]

Sir *Jo.* I hope, Sir *Tunbelly*, the young Lady is not married yet.

Sir *Tun.* No, Things won't be ready this Week but why do you say, you hope she is not married?

Sir *Jo.* Some foolish Fancies only, perhaps I'm mistaken.

Re-enter Chaplain.

Bull. Sir, his Lordship is just rid out to take the Air.

Sir *Tun.* To take the Air! Is that his *London* Breeding, to go take the Air, when Gentlemen come to visit him?

Sir *Jo.* 'Tis possible he might want it, he might not be well, some sudden Qualm perhaps.

Enter Constable, &c. with Lord FOPPINGTON.

L. *Fop.* Stap my Vitals, I'll have Satisfaction.

Sir *Fam.* (Running to him.) My dear Lord *Foppington*.

L. *Fop.* Dear *Friendly*, thou art come in the critical Minute, strike me dumb.

Sir *Jo.* Why, I little thought to have found you in Fetters.

L. *Fop.*

L. Fop. Why truly the World must do me the justice to confess I do use to appear a little more *degage*; but this old Gentleman, not liking the Freedom of my Air, has been pleas'd to skewer down my Arms like a Rabbet.

Sir Tun. Is it then possible that this shou'd be the true Lord *Foppington* at last?

L. Fop. Why, what do you see in his Face to make you doubt of it? Sir, without presuming to have any extraordinary Opinion of my Figure, give me leave to tell you, if you had seen as many Lords as I have done, you wou'd not think it impossible a Person of a worse Taille than mine, might be a modern Man of Quality.

Sir Tun. Unbind him, Slaves; my Lord, I'm struck dumb, I can only beg pardon by Signs; but if a Sacrifice will appease you, you shall have it. Here, pursue this *Tartar*, bring him back— Away, I say, a Dog-Oons—I'll cut of his Ears and his Tail, I'll draw out all his Teeth, pull his Skin over his Head—and—what shall I do more?

Sir Jo. He does indeed deserve to be made an Example of.

L. Fop. He does deserve to be *chartre*, stap my Vitals.

Sir Tun. May I then hope I have your Honour's Pardon?

L. Fop. Sir, we Courtiers do nothing without a Bribe, that fair young Lady might do Miracles.

Sir Tun. *Hoyden*, come hither *Hoyden*.

L. Fop. *Hoyden* is her Name, Sir?

Sir Tun. Yes, my Lord.

L. Fop. The prettiest Name for a Song I ever heard.

Sir Tun. My Lord— here's my Girl, she's your's, she has a wholsom Body, and a virtuous mind; she's a Woman compleat, both in Flesh and in Spirit; she has a Bag of mill'd Crowns, as scarce as they are, and fifteen hundred a year stitch'd fast to her Tail, so go thy ways *Hoyden*.

L. Fop. Sir, I do receive her like a Gentleman.

Sir Tun. Then I'm a happy Man. I blefs Heaven; and if your Lordship will give me leave, I will, like a good Christian at *Christmas*, be very drunk by way of Thanksgiving. Come, my Noble Peer, I believe Dinner's ready; if your Honour pleases to follow me, I'll lead you on to the Attack of a Venison-Pasty.

[Exit Sir Tun.

L. Fop.

L. Fop. Sir, I wait upon you: Will your Ladyship do me the Favour of your little Finger, Madam?

Miss. My Lord, I'll follow you presently, I have a little Busines with my Nurse.

L. Fop. Your Ladyship's most humble Servant. Come Sir John, the Ladies have *des Affaires*.

Exeunt L. Fop. and Sir John.

Miss. So Nurse, we are finely brought to bed, what shall we do now?

Nurse. Ah dear Miss, we are all undone, Mr. *Bull*, you were us'd to help a Woman to a Remedy. [Crying.

Bull. A lack-a-day, but it's past my Skill now, I can do nothing.

Nurse. Who wou'd have thought that ever your Invention shou'd have been drain'd so dry.

Miss. Well, I have often thought old Folks Fools, and now I'm sure they are so; I have found a way myself to secure us all.

Nurse. Dear Lady, what's that?

Miss. Why, if you two will be sure to hold your Tongues, and say not a Word of what's past, I'll e'en marry this Lord too.

Nurse. What! two Husbands, my Dear?

Miss. Why you have had three, good Nurse, you may hold your Tongue.

Nurse. Ay, but not altogether, sweet Child.

Miss. Psha, if you had, you'd ne'er thought much on't.

Nurse. O but 'tis a Sin— Sweeting.

Bull. Nay that's my Busines to speak to, Nurse; I do confess, to take two Husbands for the Satisfaction of the Flesh, is to commit the Sin of Exorbitancy; but to do it for the Peace of the Spirit, is no more than to be drunk by way of Phyick; besides, to prevent a Parent's Wrath, is to avoid the Sin of Disobedience; for when the Parent's angry, the Child is foward. So that upon the whole Matter, I do think, tho' Miss shou'd marry again, she may be sav'd.

Miss. I cod, and I will marry again then, and so there's an End of the Story. —

A C T V.

S C E N E, London.

Enter COUPLER, young FASHION, and LORY.

Coup. **W**ELL, and so Sir John coming in—
Y. Fash. And so Sir John coming in, I thought it might be Manners in me to go out; which I did, and getting on Horseback as fast I cou'd, rid away as if the Devil had been at the Rear of me; what has happen'd since, Heay'n knows.

Coup. I gad Sirrah, I know as well as Heaven.

Y. Fash. What do you know?

Coup. That you are a Cuckold.

Y. Fash. The Devil I am! By who?

Coup. By your Brother.

Y. Fash. My Brother! which way?

Coup. The old way, he has lain with your Wife.

Y. Fash. Hell and Furies, what dost thou mean?

Coup. I mean plainly, I speak no Parable,

Y. Fash. Plainly! thou dost not speak common Sense, I cannot understand one Word thou say'st.

Coup. You will do soon, Youngster. In short, you left your Wife a Widow, and she is married again.

Y. Fash. It's a Lie.

Coup. —I cod, if I were a young Fellow, I'd break your Head, Sirrah.

Y. Fash. Dear Dad, don't be angry, for I'm as mad as Tom of Bedlam.

Coup. Then I had fitted you with a Wife, you shou'd have kept her.

Y. Fash. But is it possible the young Strumpet cou'd play me such a Trick?

Coup. A young Strumpet, Sir — can play twenty Tricks.

Y. Fash. But prithee instruct me a little farther; whence comes thy intelligence?

Coup. From your Brother, in this Letter, there, you may read it.

[*Young Fashion reads.*]

Dear Coupler.

Pulling off *his Hat.* I have only Time to tell thee in three Lines, or thereabouts; that here has been the Devil, that Rascal Tam, having stole the Letter thou hadst formerly writ for me to bring to Sir Tunbelly, form'd a damnable Design upon my Mistress, and was in a fair way of Success when I arriv'd. But, after having suffer'd some Indig-nities, (in which I have all daub'd my embroider'd Coat) I put him to flight. I sent out a Party of Horse after him, in hopes to have made him my Prisoner, which if I had done, I wou'd have qualify'd him for the Seraglio, stap my Vitalis.

The Danger I have thus narrowly escap'd, has made me fortify myself against further Attempts, by entring immediately into an Association with the young Lady, by which we engage to stand by one another, as long as we both shall live.

In short, the Papers are seal'd, and the Contract is sign'd, so the Business of the Lawyer is achiev'd, but I defer the divine Part of the Thing 'till I arrive at London; not being willing to consummate in any other Bed but my own.

Poscript.

'Tis possible I may be in Tawn as soon as this Letter, for I find the Lady is so violently in love with me, I have determin'd to make her happy with all the Dispatch that is practicable, without disarranging my Coach-Horses.

So, here's rare work, I faith.

Lory. I gad, Miss Hoyden has lay'd about her bravely.

Coup. I think my Country Girl has play'd her part as well, as if she had been born and bred in St. James's Parish.

Y. F. — That Rogue the Chaplain.

Lo. And then that Jade the Nurse, Sir.

Y. F. And then that drunken Sot *Lory*, Sir, that cou'd not keep himself sober, to be a Witness to the Marriage.

Lo.

Lo. Sir — with Respect — I know very few drunken Sots that do keep themselves sober.

Y. F. Hold your prating Sirrah, or I'll break your Head. Dear Coupler, what's to be done?

Coup. Nothing's to be done, till the Bride and Bridegroom come to Town.

Y. F. Bride, and Bridegroom! Death and Furies! I can't bear that thou shouldst call 'em so.

Coup. Why, what shall I call 'em, Dog and Cat?

Y. F. Not for the World, that sounds more like Man and Wife than t'other.

Coup. Well, if you'll hear of 'em in no Language, we'll leave 'em for the Nurse and the Chaplain.

Y. F. The Devil and the Witch.

Coup. When they come to Town —

Lo. We shall have stormy Weather.

Coup. Will you hold your Tongues Gentlemen, or not?

Lo. Mum.

Coup. I saw when they come, we must find what Stuff they are made of; whether the Church-Man be chiefly compos'd of the Flesh, or the Spirit; I presume the former — For as Chaplains now go, 'tis probable he eats three pound of Beef to the reading of one Chapter — This gives him carnal Desires, he wants Mony, Preferment, Wine, a Whore; therefore we must invite him to Supper, give him fat Capons, Sack and Suggar, a Purse of Gold, and a plump Sister. Let this be done, and I'll warrant thee, my Boy, he speaks Truth like an Oracle.

Y. F. Thou art a profound Statesman I allow it; but how shall we gain the Nurse?

Coup. O never fear the Nurse, if once you have got the Priest, for the Devil always rides the Hag. Well, there's nothing more to be said of the Matter at this Time, that I know of; so let us go and enquire if there's any News of our People yet, perhaps they may be come. But let me tell you one Thing by the way, Sirrah, I doubt you have been an idle Fellow; if thou had'st behav'd thyself as thou should'st have done, the Girl wou'd never have left thee.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *Berinthia's Apartment.*

Enter her Maid passing the Stage, followed by WORTHY.

Wor. Hem, Mrs. Abigail, is your Mistress to be spoken with.

Ab. By you, Sir, I believe she may.

Wor. Why 'tis by me I wou'd have her spoken with.

Ab. I'll acquaint her, Sir.

[Exit Ab.]

Worthy SOLUS.

One Lift more I must perswade her to give me, and then I'm mounted. Well, a young Bawd and a handsom one for my Mony, 'tis they do the Execution; I'll never go to an old one, but when I have Occasion for a Witch. Lewd nefs look heavenly to a Woman, when an Angel appears in its Caufe; but when a Hag is Advocate, she thinks it comes from the Devil. An Old Woman has something so terrible in her Looks, that whilst she is perswading you Mistress to forget she has a Soul, she stares Hell and Damnation full in her Face.

Enter BERINTHIA.

Ber. Well Sir, what News bring you?

Wor. No News, Madam; there's a Woman going to cuckold her Husband.

Ber. Amanda?

Wor. I hope so.

Ber. Speed her well.

Wor. Ay, but there must be more than a God speed, or your Charity won't be worth a Farthing.

Ber. Why han't I done enough already?

Wor. Not quite.

Ber. What's the Matter?

Wor. The Lady has a Scruple still, which you must remove.

Ber. What's that?

Wor. Her Virtue—she says,

Ber. And do you believe her?

Wor. No, but I believe it's what she takes for her Virtue; its some Relicks of lawful Love; she is not yet fully satisfy'd her Husband has got another Mistress, which un-

I can convince her of, I have open'd the Trenches in vain; for the Breach must be wider before I dare storm the Town.

Ber. And so I'm to be your Engineer?

Wor. I'm sure you know best how to manage the Battery.

Ber. What think you of springing a Mine? I have a Thought just now come into my Head, how to blow her up at once.

Wor. That wou'd be a Thought indeed.

Ber. — Faith, I'll do't, and thus the Execution of it shall be. We are all invited to my Lord *Foppington's* to-night to Supper; he's come to Town with his Bride, and maketh a Ball, with an Entertainment of Musick. Now you must know, my Undoer here, *Loveless*, says he must needs meet me about some private Busines (I don't know what 'tis) before we go to the Company. To which end, he has told his Wife one Lie, and I have told her another. But to make her Amends, I'll go immediately, and tell her a solemn Truth.

Wor. What's that?

Ber. Why, I'll tell her; that to my certain Knowledge, her Husband has a Rendevouz with his Mistres this Afternoon; and that if she'll give me her Word, she'll be satisfied with the Discovery, without making any violent Inquiry after the Woman; I'll direct her to a Place, where she shall see 'em meet. Now, Friend, this I fancy may help you to a critical Minute. For home she must go again to dress. You (with your good Breeding) come to wait upon us to the Ball, find her all alone, her Spirit enflam'd against her Husband for his Treason, and her Flesh in a Heat from some Contemplations upon the Treachery, her Blood on a Fire, her Conscience in Ice; a Lover to draw, and the Devil to drive — Ah poor *Amanda*.

Wor. (Kneeling.) Thou Angel of Light, let me falldown and adore thee?

Ber. Thou Minister of Darkness, get up again, for I hate to see the Devil at his Devotions.

Wor. Well, my incomparable *Berinthia* — How shall I requite you —

Ber. O ne'er trouble yourself about that: Virtue is its own Reward: There's a Pleasure in doing good, which sufficiently pays itself. Adieu.

Wor. Farewel, thou best of Women.

[*Exeunt several Ways.*]

Enter AMANDA, meeting BERINTHIA.

Am. Who was that went from you?

Ber. A Friend of yours.

Am. What does he want?

Ber. Something you might spare him, and be ne'er the poorer.

Am. I can spare him nothing but my Friendship; my Love already's all dispos'd of; tho' I confess, to one ungrateful to my Bounty.

Ber. Why, there's the Mystery: You have been so bountiful, you have cloy'd him. Fond Wives do by their Husbands, as barren Wives do by their Lap-Dogs; cram 'em with Sweet-Meats 'till they spoil their Stomachs.

Am. Alas! Had you but seen how passionately fond he has been since our last Reconciliation, you wou'd have thought it were impossible he ever shou'd have breath'd an Hour without me.

Ber. Ay, but there you thought wrong again, *Amanda*; you shou'd consider, that in Matters of Love, Men's Eyes are always bigger than their Bellies. They have violent Appetites, 'tis true, but they have soon din'd.

Am. Well, there's nothing upon Earth astonishes me more, than Men's Inconstancy.

Ber. Now there's nothing upon Earth astonishes me less, when I consider what they and we are compos'd of. For Nature has made them Children, and us Babies: Now, *Amanda*, how we us'd our Babies, you may remember; we were mad to have 'em, as soon as we saw 'em; kist 'em to pieces, as soon as we got 'em; then pull'd off their Cloaths, saw 'em naked, and so threw 'em away.

Am. But do you think all Men are of this Temper?

Ber. All but one.

Am. Who is that? *Ber.* Worthy.

Am. Why, he's weary of his Wife too, you see.

Ber. Ay, that's no Proof.

Am. What can be a greater?

Ber.

Ber. Being weary of his Mistress.

Am. Don't you think 'twere possible he might give you that too?

Ber. Perhaps he might, if he were my Gallant; not if he were yours.

Am. Why do you think he shou'd be more constant to me, than he wou'd to you? I'm sure I'm not so handsom.

Ber. Kissing goes by Favour; he likes you best.

Am. Suppose he does; that's no Demonstration he wou'd be constant to me.

Ber. No, that I'll grant you: But there are other Reasons to expect it: For you must know after all, *Amanda*, the Inconstancy we commonly see in Men of Brains, does not so much proceed from the Uncertainty of their Temper, as from the Misfortunes of their Love. A Man sees perhaps a hundred Women he likes well enough for an Intrigue, and away. But possibly, through the whole Course of his Life, does not find above one, who is exactly what he could wish her. Now her, 'tis a thousand to one, he never gets. Either she is not to be had at all, (tho' that seldom happens, you'll say) or he wants those Opportunities that are necessary to gain her. Either she likes somebody else much better than him, or uses him like a Dog, because he likes nobody so well as her: Still something or other Fate elaps in the Way between them and the Woman they are capable of being fond of: And this makes them wander about, from Mistress to Mistress, like a Pilgrim from Town to Town, who every Night must have a fresh Lodging, and's in haste to be gone in the Morning.

Am. 'Tis possible there may be something in what you say; but what do you infer from it, as to the Man we were talking of?

Ber. Why, I infer, that you being the Woman in the World, the most to his Humour; 'tis not likely he would quit you for one that is less.

Am. That is not to be depended upon, for you see Mr. *Loveless* does so.

Ber. What does Mr. *Loveless* do?

Am. Why, he runs after something for Variety, I'm sure he does not like so well as he does me.

Ber. That's more than you know, Madam.

Am. No, I am sure on't: I am not very vain, *Berinthia*; and yet I'll lay my Life, if I cou'd look into his Heart, he thinks I deserve to be preferr'd to a thousand of her.

Ber. Don't be too positive in that neither; a Million to one, but she has the same Opinion of you. What wou'd you give to see her?

Am. Hang her, dirty Trull; tho' I really believe she's so ugly, she'd cure me of my Jealousy.

Ber. All the Men of Sense about Town say she's handsom.

Am. They are as often out in those Things as any People.

Ber. Then I'll give you another Proof.—All the Women in Town say, she's a Fool: Now I hope you're convinc'd?

Am. Whate'er she be, I'm satisfy'd he does not like her well enough to bestow anything more, than a little outward Gallantry upon her.

Ber. Outward Gallantry!—*(Aside.)* I can't bear this. *(To Am.)* Don't you think she's a Woman to be fob'd off so. Come, I'm too much your Friend, to suffer you should be thus grossly impos'd upon, by a Man who does not deserve the least Part about you, unlesfs he knew how to set a greater Value upon it. Therefore in one Word, to my certain Knowledge, he is to meet her now, within a quarter of an Hour, somewhere about that *Babylon* of Wickedness, *Whitehall*. And if you'll give me your Word, that you'll be content with seeing her mask'd in his Hand, without pulling her Head-Cloaths off, I'll step immediately to the Person, from whom I have my Intelligence, and send you Word whereabouts you may stand to see 'em meet. My Friend and I'll watch 'em from another Place, and dog 'em to their private Lodging: But don't you offer to follow 'em, lest you do it awkwardly, and spoil all. I'll come home to you again, as soon as I have earth'd 'em, and give you an Account, in what Corner of the House, the Scene of their Lewdness lies.

Am. If you can do this, *Berinthia*; he's a Villain.

Ber. I can't help that, Men will be so.

Am. Well! I'll follow your Directions; for I shall never rest till I know the worst of this Matter.

Ber.

Ber. Pray, go immediately, and get yourself ready then: Put on some of your Woman's Cloaths, a great Scarf and a Mask, and you shall presently receive Orders. (*Calls within.*) Here, who's there? Get me a Chair quickly.

Ser. There are Chairs at the Door, Madam.

Ber. 'Tis well, I'm coming.

Am. But pray, *Berinthia*, before you go, tell me how I may know this filthy Thing, if she should be so forward, (as I suppose she will) to come to the Rendevouz first; for methinks I would fain view her a little.

Ber. Why, she's about my Height; and very well shap'd.

Am. I thought she had been a little crooked?

Ber. O no, she's as strait as I am. But we lose Time, come away.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter young FASHION, meeting LORY.

Y. Fash. Well, will the Doctor come?

Lor. Sir, I sent a Porter to him as you order'd me. He found him with a Pipe of Tobacco and a great Tankard of Ale, which he said he wou'd dispatch while I cou'd tell three, and be here.

Y. Fash. He does not suspect 'twas I that sent for him?

Lor. Not a Jot, Sir; he divines as little for himself, as he does for other Folks.

Y. Fash. Will he bring Nurse with him?

Lor. Yes.

Y. Fash. That's well, where's *Coupler*?

Lor. He's half-way up the Stairs taking Breath; he must play his Bellows a little, before he can get to the top.

Enter COUPLER.

Y. Fash. O here he is. Well, old Phtysick, the Doctor's coming.

Coup. Wou'd the Pox had the Doctor—I'm quite out of Wind.

To Lor.] Set me a Chair, Sirrah. Ah— (*Sits down.*) (To Y. Fash.) Why the plague, can't thou lodge upon the Ground Floor?

Y. Fash. Because I love to lie as near Heaven as I can.

Coup. Prithee, let Heaven alone; ne'er affect tending that Way; thy Center's downwards.

Y. Fash. That's impossible. I have too much ill Luck in this World, to be damn'd in the next.

Coup.

Coup. Thou art out in thy Logick. Thy major is true, but thy minor is false; for thou art the luckiest Fellow in the Universe.

Y. Fash. Make out that.

Coup. I'll do't: Last Night the Devil ran away with the Parson of Fatgoose Living.

Y. Fash. If he had run away with the Parish too, what's that to me?

Coup. I'll tell thee what it's to thee. This Living is worth five hundred Pound a Year, and the Presentation of it is thine, if thou can't prove thyself a lawful Husband to Miss Hoyden.

Y. Fash. Say'ſt thou so, my Protector? Then, I gad, I shall have a Brace of Evidences here presently.

Coup. The Nurse and the Doctor?

Y. Fash. The same: The Devil himself won't have Interest enough to make 'em withstand it.

Coup. That we shall see presently: Here they come.

Enter Nurse and Chaplain: They start back seeing Young FASHION.

Nurse Ah Goodness, Roger, we are betray'd.

Y. Fash. (Laying hold on 'em.) Nay, nay, ne'er flinch for the Matter; for I have you safe. Come to your Trials immediately: I have no Time to give you Copies of your Indictment. There sits your Judge.

Both kneeling.] Pray, Sir, have Compassion on us.

Nurse. I hope, Sir, my Years will move your Pity; I am an aged Woman.

Coup. That is a moving Argument indeed.

Bull. Sir, (with Respect to my Function) I do wear a Gown.

Coup. Are not you a Rogue of Sanctity?

Bull. I hope, Sir, my Character will be consider'd; I am Heaven's Ambassador.

Coup. Did not you marry this vigorous young Fellow, to a plump young buxom Wench?

Nurse. (To Bull.) Don't confess, Roger, unless you are hard put to it indeed.

Coup. Come, out with't— Now he is chewing the Cud of his Roguery, and grinding a Lie between his Teeth.

Bull.

Bull. Sir — I cannot positively say — I say, Sir —
positively I cannot say —

Coup. Come, no Equivocation; no Roman Turns upon us. Consider thou stand'st upon Protestant Ground, which will slip from under thee, like a *Tyburn Cart*; for in this Country, we have always ten Hangmen for one Jesuit.

Bull. (*To Y. Fash.*) Pray, Sir, then will you but permit me to speak one Word in private with Nurse?

Y. Fash. Thou art always for doing something in private with Nurse.

Coup. But pray let his Betters be serv'd before him for once. I would do something in private with her myself; *Lory*, take care of this reverend Gown-man in the next Room a little. Retire Priest. [Exit *Lor.* with *Bull.*]

Now, Virgin, I must put the Matter home to you a little: Do you think it might not be possible to make you speak Truth?

Nurse. Alas! Sir, I don't know what you mean by Truth.

Coup. Nay, 'tis possible thou may'st be a Stranger to it.

Y. Fash. Come, Nurse, you and I were better Friends when we saw one another last; and I still believe, you are a very good Woman in the bottom. I did deceive you and your young Lady, 'tis true, but I always design'd to make a very good Husband to her, and to be a very good Friend to you. And 'tis possible in the end, she might have found herself happier, and you richer, than ever my Brother will make you.

Nurse. Brother! Why is your Worship then his Lordship's Brother?

Y. Fash. I am; which you should have known, if I durst have stay'd to have told you: But I was forc'd to take Horse a little in haste, you know.

Nurse. You were, indeed, Sir: Poor young Man, how he was bound to scaure for't. Now won't your Worship be angry, if I confess the Truth to you; when I found you were a Cheat (with Respect be it spoken) I verily believ'd, Miss had got some pitiful Skip-jack Varlet, or other, to her Husband; or I had ne'er let her think of marrying again.

Coup. But where was your Conscience all this while, Woman?

Woman. Did not that stare in your Face, with huge saucer Eyes, and a great Horn upon the Forehead? Did not you think you shou'd be damn'd for such a Sin? Ha!

Y.Fash. Well said, Divinity, press that home upon her.

Nurse. Why, in good truly, Sir, I had some fearful Thoughts on't, and cou'd ne'er be brought to consent, 'till Mr. Bull said it was a *Peckadilla*, and he'd secure my Soul for a Tythe Pig.

Y.Fash. There was a Rogue for you.

Coup. And he shall thrive accordingly: He shall have a good Living. Come, honest Nurse, I fee you have Butter in your Compound; you can melt. Some Compassion you can have of this handfom young Fellow.

Nurse. I have, indeed, Sir.

Y.Fash. Why then I'll tell you, what you shall do for me. You know what a warm Living here is fallen; and that it must be in the Disposal of him, who has the Disposal of Miss. Now if you and the Doctor will agree to prove my Marriage, I'll present him to it, upon Condition he makes you his Bride.

Nurse. Naw the Blessing of the Lord follow your good Worship both by Night and by Day. Let him be fetch'd in by the Ears, I'll soon bring his Nose to the Grind-stone.

Coup. (Aside.) Well said, old White-leather. Hey ; bring in the Prisoner there.

Enter LORY with BULL.

Coup. Come, advance, holy Man : Here's your Duck does not think fit to retire with you into the Chancel at this time: But she has a Proposal to make to you, in the Face of the Congregation. Come, Nurse, speak for yourself ; you are of Age.

Nurse. Roger, are not you a wicked Man, Roger, to set your Strength against a weak Woman ; and perjuade her it was no Sin to conceal Miss's Nuptials? My Conscience flies in my Face for it, thou Priest of *Baal*; and I find by woful Experience, thy Absolution is not worth an old Cafflock. Therefore I am resolv'd to confess the Truth to the whole World, tho' I die a Beggar for it. But his Worship overflows with his Mercy, and his Bounty : He is not only pleas'd to forgive us our Sins, but designs thou sha't squat thee

thee down in *Fat-goose Living*; and which is more than all, has prevail'd with me to become the Wife of thy Bosom.

Y. Fash. All this I intend for you, Doctor. What you are to do for me, I need not tell you.

Bull. Your Worship's Goodness is unspeakable: Yet there is one Thing, seems a Point of Conscience: And Conscience is a tender Babe. If I shou'd bind myself, for the Sake of this Living, to marry Nurse, and maintain her afterwards, I doubt it might be look'd on as a Kind of Simony.

Coup. (*Rising up.*) If it were Sacrilege, the Living's worth it: Therefore no more Words, good Doctor. But with the Parish (*Giving Nurse to him.*) — here — take the Personage House. 'Tis true, 'tis a little out of Repair; some Dilapidations there are to be made good; the Windows are broke, the Wainscot is warpt, the Ceilings are peel'd, and the Walls are crack'd; but a little Glasing, Painting, White-wash, and Plaister, will make it last thy Time.

Bull. Well, Sir, if it must be so, I shan't contend: What Providence orders, I submit to.

Nurse. And so do I with all Humility.

Coup. Why, that now was spoke like good People: Come, my Turtle Doves, let us go help this poor Pidgeon to his wand'ring Mate again; and after Institution and Induction, you shall all go a cooing together. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter *AMANDA* in a Scarf, &c. as just return'd, her Woman following her.

Am. Prithee, what care I who has been here.

Wom. Madam, 'twas my Lady Bridle, and my Lady Tiptoe.

Am. My Lady Fiddle, and my Lady Faddle. What do'st stand troubling me with the Visits of a Parcel of impertinent Women; when they are well seam'd with the Small-Pox, they won't be so fond of shewing their Faces— There are more Coquets about this Town—

Wom. Madam, I suppose they only came to return your Ladyship's Visit, according to the Custom of the World.

Am. Wou'd the World were on fire, and you in the middle on't. Be gone, leave me. [*Exit Woman.*]

AMANDA

AMANDA sola.

At last I am convinc'd. My eyes are Testimonies of his Falsehood. The base, ungrateful, perjur'd Villain— Good Gods!— What slippery Stuff are Men compos'd of? Sure, the Account of their Creation's false, and 'twas the Woman's Rib that they were form'd of, But why am I thus angry? This poor Relapse shou'd only move my Scorn.

Tis true; the roving Flights of his unfinisht Youth, had strong Excuses from the Play of Nature; Reason had thrown the Reins loose on his Neck, and slipt him to unlimited Desire. If therefore he went wrong, he had a Claim to my Forgiveness, and I did him right, But since the Years of Manhood rein him in, and Reason, well digested into Thought, has pointed out the Course he ought to run; if now he strays, 'twou'd be as weak and mean in me to pardon, as it has been in him t'offend. But hold: Tis an ill Cause indeed, where nothing's to be said for't. My Beauty possibly is in the Wain; Perhaps sixteen has greater Charms for him: Yes, there's the Secret: But let him know, my Quivers not entirely empty'd yet, I still have Darts, and I can shoot 'em too; they're not so blunt but they can enter still: The Want's not in my Power, but in my Will. Virtue's his Friend, or through another's Heart, I yet cou'd find the way to make his smart. [Going off, she meets Worthy.] Ha! he here? Protect me Heav'n, for this looks ominous.

Wor. You seem disorder'd Madam; I hope there's no Misfortune happen'd to you?

Am. None that will long disorder me, I hope.

Wor. Whate'er it be disturbs you; I wou'd to Heaven 'twere in my Power to bear the Pain, 'till I were able to remove the Cause.

Am. I hope e'er long it will remove itself. At least, I have given it warning to be gone.

Wor. Wou'd I durst ask, where 'tis the Thorn torments you? Forgive me, if I grow inquisitive; 'tis only with Desire to give you Ease.

Am. Alas! 'tis in a tender Part. It can't be drawn without a World of Pain: Yet out it must; for it begins to fester in my Heart.

Wor.

Wor. If 'tis the Sting of unrequited Love, remove it instantly: I have a Balm will quickly heal the Wound.

Am. You'll find the Undertaking difficult: The Surgeon, who already has attempted it, has much tormented me.

Wor. I'll aid him with a gentler Hand.— If you will give me leave.

Am. How soft soe'er the Hand may be, there still is Terror in the Operation.

Wor. Some few Preparatives wou'd make it easy, cou'd I perswade you to apply 'em. Make home Reflections, Madam, on your flighted Love: Weigh well the Strength and Beauty of your Charms: Rouze up that Spirit Women ought to bear; and slight your God, if he neglect his Angel. With Arms of Ice receive his cold Embraces, and keep your Fire for those who come in Flames. Behold a burning Lover at your Feet, his Fever raging in his Veins. See how he trembles, how he pants! See how he glows, how he consumes! Extend the Arms of Mercy to his Aid; his Zeal may give him Title to your Pity, altho' his Merit cannot claim your Love.

Am. Of all my feeble Sex, sure I must be the weakest, shou'd I again presume to think on Love. (*Sighing*)— Alas! my Heart has been too roughly treated.

Wor. 'Twill find the greater Blis in softer Usage.

Am. But where's that Usage to be found?

Wor. 'Tis here, within this faithful Breast; which if you doubt, I'll rip it up before your Eyes; lay all its Secrets open to your View; and then, you'll see 'twas found.

Am. With just such honest Words as these, the worst of Men deceiv'd me.

Wor. He therefore merits all Revenge can do; his Fault is such, the Extent and Stretch of Vengeance cannot reach it. O make me but your Instrument of Justice, you'll find me execute it with such Zeal, as shall convince you, I abhor the Crime.

Am. The Rigour of an Executioner, has more the Face of Cruelty than Justice: And he who puts the Cord about the Wreches Neck, is seldom known to exceed him in his Morals.

Wor.

Wor. What Proof then can I give you of my Truth?

Am. There is on Earth but one.

Wor. And is that in my Power?

Am. It is: And one that wou'd so thoroughly convince me, I shou'd be apt to rate your Heart so high, I possibly might purchas't with a Part of mine.

Wor. Then Heav'n thou art my Friend, and I am blest; for; if 'tis in my Power, my Will I'm sure will reach it. No matter what the Terms may be, when such a Recompence is offer'd. O tell me quickly what this Proof must be! What is it will convince you of my Love?

Am. I shall believe you love me as you ought, if from this Moment you forbear to ask, whatever is unfit for me to grant— You pause upon it, Sir— I doubt, on such hard Terms, a Woman's Heart is scarcely worth the having.

Wor. A Heart, like yours, on any terms is worth it; 'Twas not on that I paus'd: But I was thinking (*Drawing nearer to her.*) whether some Things there may not be, which Women cannot grant without a Blush, and yet which Men may take without Offence. (*Taking her Hand.*) Your Hand, I fancy, may be of the Number: O pardon me, if I commit a Rape upon it, (*Kissing it eagerly.*) and thus devour it with my Kisses.

Am. O Heavens! let me go.

Wor. Never whilst I have Strength to hold you here. (*Forcing her to sit down on a Couch.*) My Life, my Soul, my Goddess— O forgive me!

Am. O whither am I going? Help, Heaven, or I am lost.

Wor. Stand neuter, Gods this once, I do invoke you.

Am. Then, save me, Virtue, and the Glory's thine.

Wor. Nay, never strive.

Am. I will, and conquer too. My Forces rally bravely to my Aid, (*Breaking from him.*) and thus I gain the Day.

Wor. Then mine as bravely double their Attack; (*Seizing her again.*) and thus I wrest it from you. Nay, struggle not for all's in vain: Or Death or Victory; I am determin'd.

Am. And so am I, (*Rushing from him.*) Now keep your distance, or we part for ever.

Wor.

Wor. (Offering again.) For Heaven's Sake—

Am. (Going.) Nay, then Farewel.

Wor. (Kneeling, and holding by her Cloaths.) O stay, and see the Magick Force of Love: Behold this raging Lion at your Feet, struck dead with Fear and tame as Charms can make him. What must I do to be forgiven by you?

Am. Repent, and never more offend:

Wor. Repentance for past Crimes, is just and easy; but Sin no more's a Task too hard for Mortals.

Am. Yet those who hope for Heaven, must use their best Endeavours to perform it.

Wor. Endeavours we may use; but Flesh and Blood are got in t'other Scale; and they are pond'rous Things.

Am. Whate'er they are, there is a Weight in Resolution sufficient for their Ballance. The Soul, I do confess, is usually so careless of its Charge, so soft, and so indulgent to Desire, it leaves the Reins in the wild Hand of Nature, who like a *Phaeton*, drives the fiery Chariot, and sets the World on Flame. Yet still the Sovereignty is in the Mind, whene'er it pleases to exert its Force. Perhaps you may not think it worth your while, to take such mighty Pains for my Esteem, but that I leave to you.

You see the Price I set upon my Heart.

Perhaps 'tis dear: But, spight of all your Art,

You'll find on cheaper Terms, we ne'er shall part.

[Exit Amanda.]

WORTHY solis.

Sure there's Divinity about her; and sh'as dispenc'd some Portion on't to me. For what but now was the wild Flame of Love, or (to dissect that specious Term) the vile, the gross Desires of Flesh and Blood, is in a Moment turn'd to Adoration. The coarser Appetite of Nature's gone, and 'tis, methinks, the Food of Angels I require. How long this Influence may last, Heaven knows. But in this Moment of my Purity, I cou'd on her own Terms, accept her Heart. Yes, lovely Woman; I can accept it. For now 'tis doubly worth my Care. Your Charms are much increas'd, since thus adorn'd. When Truth extorted from us, then we own the Robe of Virtue is a graceful Habit.

G

Cou'd

The Relapse: Or,

Cou'd Women but our secret Counsels scan,
 Cou'd they but reach the deep Reserves of Man,
 They'd wear it on, that that of Love might last ;
 For when they throw off one, we soon the other cast.
 Their Sympathy is such—
 The Fate of one, the other scarce can fly ;
 They live together, and together die.

[Exit.]

Enter Miss and Nurse.

Miss. But is it sure and certain, say you, he's my Lord's own Brother ?

Nurse. As sure as he's your lawful Husband.

Miss. I cod, If I had known that in time, I don't know but I might have kept him : For, between you and I *Nurse*, he'd have made a Husband worth two of this I have, But which do you think you shou'd fancy most, *Nurse* ?

Nurse. Why, truly, in my poor Fancy, Madam, your first Husband is the prettier Gentleman.

Miss. I don't like my Lord's Shapes, *Nurse*.

Nurse. Why, in good truly, as a Body may say, he is but a Slam.

Miss. What do you think now he puts me in mind of ? Don't you remember a long, loose, shambling Sort of a Horse my Father call'd *Washy* ?

Nurse. As like as two Twin Brothers.

Miss. I cod, I have thought so a hundred times; Faith I'm a'rd of him.

Nurse. Indeed, Madam, I think you had e'en as good stand to your first Bargain.

Miss. O but, *Nurse*, we hant consider'd the main Thing yet. If I leave my Lord, I must leave my Lady too ; and when I rattle about the Streets in my Coach, they'll only say, there goes Mistress—Mistress—Mistress what ? What's this Man's Name, I have married, *Nurse* ?

Nurse. Squire *Fashion*.

Miss. Squire *Fashion* is it— Well, Squire, that's better than nothing : Do you think one cou'd not get him made a Knight, *Nurse* ?

Nurse. I don't know but one might, Madam, when the King's in a good Humour.

Miss. I cod, that woud do rarely ; for then he'd be as good a Man as my Father, you know.

Nurse.

Nurse. By'r lady, and that's as good as the best of 'em.

Miss. So'tis, faith; for then I shall be my Lady, and your Ladyship at every Word, that's all I have to care for. Ha, Nurse; but hark you me, one Thing more, and then I have done. I'm afraid, if I change my Husband again, I shan't have so much Mony to throw about, Nurse.

Nurse. O, enough's as good as a Feast: Besides, Madam, one don't know, but as much may fall to your Share with the younger Brother, as with the elder. For tho' these Lords have a Power of Wealth indeed; yet, as I have heard say, they give it all to their Sluts and their Trulls, who joggle it about in their Coaches, with a murrain to 'em, whilst poor Madam sits sighing and wishing, and knotting and crying, and has not a spare half Crown, to buy her a *Practice of Piety*.

Miss. O, but for that, don't deceive yourself, Nurse. For this I must say for my Lord, and a (*Snapping her Fingers.*) — for him. He's as free as an open House at Christmas. For this very Morning, he told me, I shou'd have two hundred a Year to buy Pins. Now, Nurse, if he gives me two hundred a Year to buy Pins, what do you think he'll give me to buy fine Peticoats?

Nurse. A, my Dearest, he deceives thee faulty; and he's no better than a Rogue for his Pains. These *Londoners* have got a Gibberidge with 'em, would confound a Gypsey. That which they call Pin-Money, is to buy their Wives everything in the varsal World, down to their very Shoe-Ties. Nay, I have heard Folks say, that some Ladies, if they will have Gallants, as they call'em, are fore'd to find them out of their Pin-Mony too.

Miss. Has he sery'd me so, say ye? — Then I'll be his Wife no longer, so that's fixt. Look, here he comes, with all the fine Folks at's Heels. I cod, Nurse, these *London Ladies* will laugh 'till they crack again, to see me slip my Collar, and run away from my Husband. But d'ye hear? Pray take care of one Thing. When the Busines comes to break out, be sure you get betwixt me and my Father, for you know his Tricks; he'll knock me down.

Nurse. I'll mind him, ne'er fear, Madam.

Enter Lord FOPPINGTON, LOVELESS, WORTHY, AMANDA,
and BERINTHIA.

L. Fop. Ladies and Gentlemen, you are all welcome.
(To Love.) *Loveless*— That's my Wife; prithee, do me
the Favour to salute her; and do'st hear, (*Aside, to him.*)
if thou hast a mind to try thy Fortune, to be reveng'd of
me, I won't take it ill, strop my Vitals.

Love. You need not fear, Sir, I'm too fond of my own
Wife, to have the least Inclination to yours.

[All salute Miss.]

L. Fop. (*Aside.*) I'd give you a thousand Paund he wou'd
make love to her, that he may see she has Sense enough to
prefer me to him, tho' his own Wife has not, (*Viewing
him.*) — He's a very beastly Fellow, in my Opinion.

Miss. (*Aside.*) What a Power of fine Men there are in
this *London*? He that kist me first, is a goodly Gentleman,
I promise you: Sure those Wives have a rare Time on't,
that live here always?

Enter Sir TUNBELLY, with Musicians, Dancers, &c.

Sir Tun. Come; come in, good People, come in; come
tune your Fiddles, tune your Fiddles.

To the Hautboys.] Bag-pipes, make ready there. Come,
strike up. [Sings.

For this is Hoyden's Wedding-day;

And therefore we keep Holy-day,

And come to be merry.

Ha! There's my Wench, I faith: Touch and take, I'll
warrant her: She'll breed like a tame Rabbet.

Miss. (*Aside.*) I cod, I think my Father's gotten drunk
before Supper.

Sir Tun. (To Love. and Wor.) Gentlemen, you are wel-
come. (*Saluting Am. and Ber.*) Ladies, by your leave.
Ha— They bill like Turtles. Udsookers, they set my old
Blood a fire; I shall cuckold somebody before Morning.

L. Fop. (To Sir Tun.) Sir, you being Master of the En-
tertainment; will you desire the Company to sit?

Sir Tun. Oons, Sir— I'm the happiest Man on this
side the *Ganges*.

L. Fop. (*Aside.*) This is a mighty accountable old Fellow.
(To Sir Tun.) I said, Sir, it would be convenient to ask the
Company to sit.

Sir Tun.

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Sir Tun. Sir— With all my Heart: Come, take your Places Ladies, take your Places, Gentlemen: Come, sit down, fit down; a pox of Ceremony, take your Places.

[They sit, and the Mask begins,

Dialogue between Cupid and Hymen.

CUPID.

I.

*T*HOU bane to my Empire, thou Spring of Contest,
Thou Source of all Discord, thou Period to Rest;
Instruct me, what Wretches in Bondage can see,
That the Aim of their Life, is still pointed to thee?

HYMEN.

II.

Instruct me, thou little impertinent God,
From whence all thy Subjects have taken the Mode,
To grow fond of a Change, to whatever it be,
And I'll tell thee why those wou'd be bound, who are free.

CHORUS.

For Change, w'are for Change, to whatever it be,
We are neither contented with Freedom, nor thee.

Constancy's an empty Sound,
Heaven, and Earth, and all go round,
All the Works of Nature move,
And the Joys of Life and Love
Are in Variety.

CUPID.

III.

Were Love the Reward of a Pains-taking Life,
Had a Husband the Art to be fond of his Wife,
Were Virtue so plenty, a Wife cou'd afford,
These very hard Times, to be true to her Lord,
Some specious Account might be given of those,
Who are ty'd by the Tail, to be led by the Nose.

IV.

But since 'tis the Fate, of a Man and his Wife,
To consume all their Days in Contention and Strife:
Since whatever the Bounty of Heaven may create her,
He's morally sure, he shall heartily hate her,
I think 'twere much wiser to ramble at large,
And the Vollys of Love on the Herd to discharge.

HYMEN.

HYMEN.

V.

*Some Colour of Reason thy Council might bear,
Cou'd a Man have no more, than his Wife to his Share,
Or were I a Monarch so cruelly just,
To oblige a poor Wife to be true to her Trust;
But I have not pretended, for many Years past;
By marrying of People, to make 'em grow chaste.*

VI.

*I therefore advise thee to let me go on,
Thou'lt find I'm the Strength and Support of thy Throne;
For hadst thou but Eyes, thou wouldst quickly perceive it,
How smoothly the Dart
Slips into the Heart
Of a Woman that's wed,
Whilst the shivering Maid,
Stands trembling, and wishing, but dare not receive it.*

CHORUS.

For Change, &c.

The Mask ended, enter Y. FASHION, COUPLER, and BULL.

Sir Tun. So, very fine, very fine, I faith, this is something like a Wedding; now if Supper were but ready, I'd say a short Grace; and if I had such a Bed-fellow as *Hoyden* to-night— I'd say as short Prayers.

Seeing Y. Fash.] How now— what have we got here? A Ghost? Nay, it must be so, for his Flesh and Blood cou'd never have dar'd to appear before me.

Tellim.] Ah Rogue—

L. Fop. Stap my Vitals, Tam again.

Sir Tun. My Lord, will you cut his Throat? Or shall I?

L. Fop. Leave him to me, Sir, if you please. Prithee, Tam, be so ingenuous now, as to tell me what thy Business is here?

Y. Fash. 'Tis with your Bride.

L. Fop. Thau art the impudent'ſt Fellow that Nature has yet spawnd' into the Wold, strike me speechless.

Y. Fash. Why you know my Modesty wou'd have starv'd me; I sent it a begging to you, and you wou'd not give it a Groat.

L. Fop. And dost thou expect by an Excess of Assurance, to extort a Maintenance fram me? Y. Fash.

Y. Fash. (*Taking Miss by the Hand.*) I do intend to extort your Mistreis from you, and that I hope will prove one.

L. Fop. I ever thought Newgate or Bedlam wou'd be his Fortune, and now his Fate's decided. Prithee, *Loveless,* dost know of ever a mad Doctor hard by?

Y. Fash. There's one at your Elbow will cure you presently.

To Bull.] Prithee, Doctor, take him in hand quickly.

L. Fop. Shall I beg the Favour of you, Sir, to pull your Fingers out of my Wife's Hand.

Y. Fash. His Wife! Look you there; now I hope you are all satisfy'd he's mad.

L. Fop. Now is it not possible far me to penetrate what Species of Fally it is thou art driving at.

Sir Tun. Here, here, here, let me beat out his Brains, and that will decide all.

L. Fop. No, pray, Sir, hold, we'll destroy him presently according to Law.

Y. Fash. (*To Bull.*) Nay, then advance, Doctor; come, you are a Man of Conscience, answer boldly to the Questions I shall ask? Did not you marry me to this young Lady, before ever that Gentleman there saw her Face?

Bull. Since the Truth must out, I did.

Y. Fash. Nurse, sweet Nurse, were not you a Witness to it?

Nurse. Since my Conscience bids me speak—— I was.

Y. Fash. (*To Miss.*) Madam, am not I your lawful Husband?

Miss. Truly, I can't tell; but you married me first.

Y. Fash. Now I hope you are all satisfied?

Sir Tun. (*Offering to strike him, is held by Love and War.*) Oons and Thunder, you lie.

L. Fop. Pray, Sir, be calm, the Battle is in Disorder, but requires more Conduct than Courage to rally our Forces. Pray, Doctor, one Word with you?

To Bull. aside.) Look you, Sir, tho' I will not presume to calculate your Notions of Damnation, fram the Description you give us of Hell; yet since there is at least a Possibility, you may have a Pitchfork thrust in your Back-side, methinks it shou'd not be worth your while to risque your

your Saul in the next World, for the Sake of a beggarly yaunger Brather, who is nat able to make your Bady happy in this.

Bull. Alafs ! My Lord, I have no worldly Ends; I speak the Truth, Heaven knows.

L. Fop. Nay, prithee, never engage Heaven in the Matter, for by all I can see, 'tis like to prove a Busines for the Devil.

Y. Fash. Come, pray, Sir, all above-board; no corrupting of Evidences, if you please; this young Lady is my lawful Wife, and I'll justify it in all the Courts of *England*; so your Lordship, (who always had a Passion for Variety) may go seek a new Mistress if you think fit.

L. Fop. I am struck dumb with his Impudence, and cannot positively tell whether ever I shall speak again, or nat.

Sir Tun. Then let me come and examine the Busines a little; I'll jerk the Truth out of 'em presently; here, give me my Dog Whip.

Y. Fash. Look you, old Gentleman, 'tis in vain to make a Noise; if you grow mutinous, I have some Friends within Call, have Swords by their sides, above four Foot long; therefore be calm, hear the Evidence patiently, and when the Jury have given their Verdict, pass Sentence according to Law; here's honest *Coupler* shall be Foreman, and ask as many Questions as he pleases.

Coup. All I have to ask is, whether Nurse perfists in her Evidence? The Parson I dare swear will never flinch from his.

Nurse. (To *Sir Tun.* kneeling.) I hope in Heaven your Worship will pardon me; I have serv'd you long and faithfully; but in this Thing I was over-reach'd; your Worship however was deceiv'd as well as I; and if the Wedding Dinner had been ready, you had put Madam to bed with him with your own Hands.

Sir Tun. But how durst you do this, without acquainting of me?

Nurse. Alafs! If your Worship had seen how the poor Thing beg'd, and pray'd, and clung, and twin'd about me, like Ivy to an old Wall, you wou'd say, I who had suckled

it,

it, and waddled it, and nurst it both wet and dry, must have had a Heart of Adamant to refuse it.

Sir Tun. Very well.

Y. Fash. Foreman, I expect your Verdict.

Coup. Ladies, and Gentlemen, what's your Opinions?

All. A clear Case, a clear Case.

Coup. Then my young Folks, I wish you Joy.

Sir Tun. (To Y. Fash.) Come hither, Stripling; if it be true then, that thou hast marry'd my Daughter, prithee tell me who thou art?

Y. Fash. Sir, the best of my Condition is, I am your Son-in-Law; and the worst of it is, I am Brother to that noble Peer there.

Sir Tun. Art thou Brother to that noble Peer— Why, then that noble Peer, and thee, and thy Wife, and the Nurse, and the Priest— may all go and be damn'd together.

[Exit Sir Tun.]

L. Fop. (Aside.) Now, for my part, I think the wisest Thing a Man can do with an aking Heart, is to put on a serene Countenance; for a philosophical Air is the most becoming Thing in the World to the Face of a Person of Quality; I will therefore bear my Disgrace like a great Man, and let the People see I am above an Affront.

To Y. Fash.] Dear Tam, since Things are thus fallen out, prithee, give me leave to wish thee Jay, I do it *de bon Cœur*, strike me dumb; you have marry'd a Woman beautiful in her Person, charming in her Airs, prudent in her Conduct, constant in her Inclinations, and of a nice Morality, split my Wind-pipe.

Y. Fash. Your Lardship may keep up your Spirits with your Grimace, if you please; I shall support mine with this Lady, and two thousand Pound a Year.

Taking Miss.] Come, Madam.

We once again, you see are Man and Wife,
And now, perhaps, the Bargain's struck for Life;
If I mistake, and we shou'd part again,
At least you see you may have Choice of Men:
Nay, shou'd the War at length such Havock make,
That Lovers shou'd grow scarce; yet for your Sake,

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